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SHIPMATES

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SHIPMATES
by
FELIX RIESENBERG

SKETCHES
OF THE SEA



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Dedicated to
CAPTAIN THOMAS A. MILLER
CAPTAIN GERSHOM BRADFORD
and
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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SHIPMATES

QUARTERMASTER CLAUSEN



It was in a time when men were intensely loyal to ships, to some particular ship. No one thought much about this loyalty, in fact it was a thing to be accepted, as natural as the keel and ribs and planking, something integral to the ship. These men, like the masts, might rot out and be replaced or they might carry away, but they seldom left of their own will; Quartermaster Clausen was as much a part of the old schoolship *St. Mary's* as the huge double wheel, as the rawhide tiller-ropes. Looking back at him, he stands strange and remote, a part of this ancient gear with which he concerned himself. I got to know Clausen very well. He was a square figure, in his faded double-breasted jacket, standing in back of the weather-wheel, conning the course. He seldom took the spokes, except in an emergency, or now and then to steady some green hand at his work, or to keep the weather-leech of the mizzen royal trembling, as required by the strict fulfilment of the order, 'Full and by.'

As I got to know him better, and my trick at the wheel recurred from day to day, I marvelled at his inexhaustible humour. The officer of the watch would stump the spar deck, back and forth to windward, his speaking-trumpet

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hanging from his right wrist, and when on the forward leg of his walk, Clausen would engage in the most animated low-voiced dissertations, laughing with a peculiar gurgle at his own jokes. Then, as the officer wheeled aft, walking toward us, Quartermaster Clausen would assume a sudden gravity, his jaws would work on his quid, and he would look down on to the lubber's line, or gaze aloft, with pale blue eyes that were positively sad.

This constant change from mirth to gravity had become habitual with him, and periods of solemn sham also punctuated his discourse on the watch below when boys hung about and listened to his yarns.

Mr. Clausen had tremendous theories. He picked up bits of talk between the officers and pieced them together and expanded them until it seemed he was the custodian of the inner life of the élite. These revelations would have been astonishing to the ward-room and the cabin. The fact that boys steering could not always suddenly switch their interest on and off sometimes led to black looks and curt words of reprimand. Steering an old sailing wagon across the Atlantic was a stern business.

But Clausen himself, when caught a half-point off the course, could be a perfect con-

QUARTERMASTER CLAUSEN

ductor of displeasure. The sharp 'Mind your steering!' slipped over him and landed on to the luckless boy with an added vigour, from behind. But we all understood the little comedy; no one minded because of the eternal fun of being entertained by this master mimic.

Clausen had a very red face with a straw-coloured moustache stained at the edges by tobacco, and his bushy eyebrows were almost white. He stood with legs spread wide apart, his huge hands clasped behind his back. He never replenished his chew or spat to leeward, unless the officer of the deck were looking away. Sometimes he would chuckle and bubble with laughter batted down, some thought of his own setting him going.

When the ship was alongside, in the East River, during the winter months, Mr. Clausen assumed an important position. His method of telling things, in part, leaving a great deal to the imagination of his listeners, was carried ashore. He became involved in local politics. Being a Swede gave him an added importance, for it was understood by local politicians that Mr. Clausen had a lot to do with the control of the Scandinavian vote.

Delegations would visit him, down on the berth deck, and, after interminable talk about

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this man and that, would depart, leaving him presents of cigars. When an election was impending, and this is almost always the case in the fall, Quartermaster Clausen became a very busy man on his nights ashore. He seldom came back until the early morning hours, and then was almost always awash. But a few winks of sleep and a big bowl of black *St. Mary's* coffee seemed to bring him up all standing and ready for his gangway watch.

Many of us kept returning to the old schoolship, visiting with the fixtures, Bo'sun Dreilick, Clausen, Shorty Olsen, and the rest, and to have a word with Moses, or Hennessey. I returned one spring, just before the old ship was ready to leave for her cruise.

'Where's Clausen?' I asked.

'Didn't you hear? He was shot in a saloon on Third Avenue. It was after the election. They got into some kind of a rumpus. No one knew how it happened. Some tough pulled a gun and in the scramble poor old Clausen was plugged.'

He had built up a marvellous structure of imaginary knowledge, of nebulous influence, of genuine good feeling. They said his funeral was attended by a huge delegation from Scandinavian societies. People along the shore missed

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his deliberate walk up from the docks, his kindly face beaming with mirth, then suddenly stiffening with a vague, mask-like, non-committal look. It was his custom, his life-long habit, of suddenly checking himself and meeting the world with a denial.

Clausen, of course, was an accomplished sailor. He it was who jumped to the wheel and spun the spokes, almost before the order was given, on that time when Captain Reeder took the deck and tacked us clear of a schooner laden with paving-blocks, as we ran down on her in the dusk in Long Island Sound. I can still hear the ringing reply of Quartermaster Clausen to the thundering command, 'Hard down — *hellum!*'

'Ay, ay, sir, *hard down!*' An instant after the word, and on time. What a sailorman old Clausen was!

THE LIGHTS THAT FAILED



A TWO-MASTED nondescript steamer was taking on the last of her cargo at a South Street wharf. I had applied for a job as quartermaster and was given the billet with suspicious alacrity. The mate told me to turn to at once. 'We're sailing to-night.'

'This wagon always sails at night.' My informant was a young man named Jones, the other quartermaster, and veteran of two voyages to and from Mobile. 'I don't know why you're shipping here,' he remarked casually, 'but I got a date down in Mobile, nice girl I met, and I'm going back. When you've been on board a few days you'll know how much I think of that girl.'

We shared a little cabin in the port alleyway, a narrow den of a room with two bunks in which we disputed possession with an army of bedbugs. Jones had purchased several bottles of bug-lotion and had already applied it liberally. The place smelled suspiciously chemical. 'We'll leave the port open till we get outside,' he remarked, 'and then, if this stuff works, we'll get some sleep. It's two watches here, four on and four off, and no relief at the wheel, so now you can guess how much I think of that girl.' He pulled out a picture and gazed at it wist-

THE LIGHTS THAT FAILED

fully. 'I'll just stick this over the wash-bowl. I didn't intend to, but you look all right,' he added with a friendly smile.

The *Catania*, true to her habit, closed hatches well after dark. We cast off lines and steamed to sea, Jones at the wheel, while I stood by with a lead-line and busied myself about the lower wheel-house, ready to steam the log when off the Hook.

We steered from the flying bridge, in the open, standing on a worn grating. This was a glorious vantage-point, a sort of high altar in view from the deck, and a terrible place for a lad so soggy with lack of sleep he could hardly stand.

On the voyage down we touched the beach off Fowey Rocks and, as already told,¹ the mate was sent to his room, and discharged in the old southern port of Mobile.

The new mate, Mr. Thompson, a brisk little man with red hair, carried an air of tremendous importance. He wore a very blue suit, of a shade much lighter than the regulation colour. His face was almost as red as his hair and he sported a straw hat with a coloured band. To offset his dudish appearance he was an energetic worker. Several candidates had applied for the

¹ In *Vignettes of the Sea*.

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position and Mr. Thompson felt himself under mighty obligation. We had taken in cotton, and in the upper 'tween deck we carried a considerable tonnage of water-melons.

The *Catania* was brought down to her marks, the day was Sunday, and the last net of melons had been put into Number Two hatch. Captain Fenlon came on board, met his perspiring mate, looked over the confusion, bade good-bye to some friends, and orders were given to single up. Smoke was rolling from the stack, the crowd of steves on the wharf, ragged and picturesque, hung around, and dock loafers seemed unduly interested in the ship.

'I never saw her so deep before,' Jones remarked to me as he took his place at the wheel. 'But I'll say this. She can't get too deep to suit me. Say, I made a hit here, and I don't mind saying the little girl likes me. Did you hear that carrot-top yell at me to come on board? That was the girl.' She was conspicuous on the wharf.

The whistle gave a grunt, coughed, spat up a few gallons of hot water, and ended in a roar. Lines were let go, and we slid out. Mobile seemed to move away from us, and then the ship began to tremble in every frame.

'Stuck like a dog.' Jones grinned. 'What

THE LIGHTS THAT FAILED

did I say?' He began to wave his cap at the wharf. Amid the crowd a girl in a white dress was waving frantic signals.

'You --! Mind your wheel.' Mr. Thompson was on the bridge. 'We're aground, Captain,' he called to the skipper.

'I'm quite aware of it, Mr. Thompson. Full speed astern.' She trembled and stopped. A cheer rose from the wharf. All of the waterfront was out to see the fun.

'Take a line, Captain?' A tug had worked in under the stern.

After some dickering a line was passed to the tug, Mr. Thompson buzzing about aft in the way of the second mate. 'Ready, sir!' They were fast. 'Full speed astern!' The wheel began to churn the mud, the tug panted and pulled, the ship stuck. It was getting dusk.

'I think we can get her off, Captain.' Mr. Thompson was up the bridge-ladder. The mate and skipper talked. 'All right, sir, try it.'

'Lively, boys!' -- the mate, assuming a false air of comradeship. 'Break out the new ten-inch line.' The gang were hauling this on deck.

'Bring that tug close up under the stern,' the mate called. The line was passed down. 'Make well fast. We'll leave a hundred fathoms slack, you jingle bell ahead, just as the line comes

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taut we'll kick astern, and then we're off. How 'bout it?"

The line was secured, flaked free on the deck, the end over the quarter and back on two sets of bitts. 'Here, you,' to me, 'stand on the after-house. When I shout, you drop this rag.' He gave me a yard of bunting. The engine-room were standing by, white steam puffed from the exhaust — the tug jumped out into the stream, the line snaked overboard, I dropped the rag, our engines kicked astern, the new ten-inch hawser sprang taut from the river, a mist of white snapped from the wet line, it cleared away and the H figure of the tug's bitts rose high in the air over her receding stern and dropped with a 'splash. The tug, minus bitts, kept right on going, and we remained fast in the mud.

I ran to the bridge in a hurry to hear what the skipper would say to Mr. Thompson, and met Jones convulsed with laughter. 'Say, here's where I get another night ashore. I knew that damn mud-bank would hold us.'

'You did, did you?' Mr. Thompson seemed to spring at Jones.

'Sir.' Captain Fenlon glared at the new mate. 'The tide's turned, and we've got to lighten her, quick, or we'll hog. Dammit, sir, I find you've

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put on board two hundred tons more than you should.'

'Leave the wheel,' the mate called to Jones. All hands were mustered; a boatload of stevedores came alongside. Hatches were off, and water-melons were being passed up in nets and over to the lighter. For every melon into the lighter, two went into the water. Mobile harbour was alive with shouting negroes salvaging green fruit. At midnight the ship was floated amid the glow of flares and the sweat of labour.

'I'll tend to you, young fellow, before we get to New York.' It was the new mate addressing Quartermaster Jones as we went down-stream in the early dawn.

The *Catania* had hardly passed out in the Gulf before Mr. Thompson, still wearing his very blue suit, the only one he had, topped off by a golf cap, began to reinstate himself in the eye of Captain Fenlon by the well-worn method of working up the crew. The ship needed a great deal of attention. He discovered much brass, hidden under coatings of paint, and this was scraped and polished. Jones, veteran of two voyages, having failed to meet his girl again, groused and grumbled. Mr. Thompson paid

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particular attention to him and at every opportunity addressed him with words verging on the edge of insult.

'He's red, all right, inside and out. Say, I been to sea with tough people. This mate ain't set yet. He's about as hard as dough.'

Quartermaster Jones, standing his wheel, grinned at the mate working about the decks. On the watch below he busied himself in the constant warfare against red vermin. I slept in an atmosphere of turpentine, his lotion having become exhausted, while the bugs seemed more active than ever. We rounded Dry Tortugas, passed out of the Straits of Florida, and shaped our course for New York.

By the time Hatteras was astern, Mr. Thompson and the master were on joking terms. The red-haired mate had salted himself in and was in high fettle. The little matter of too many water-melons had been forgotten. The fact that the ten-inch line had jerked the after bitts out of a rotten tug-boat became a subject of congratulation. The new line of the *Catania* was first-class. It was the only sound thing on board, but no one dared say so openly.

Coming into New York, Mr. Thompson sent me to the wheel, and Quartermaster Jones was set to work holystoning the bridge gratings,

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carrying on in a slovenly manner. 'We pay off as soon as we get in, or pretty soon, and then I fade.'

'How about that girl in Mobile?' I asked.

'Guess she'll have to wait until I find a better packet than this to take me back. Say, you. Are you going to quit?'

'Sure — as soon as she pays off, and the sooner the better. That bug berth is as pleasant as the prickly-heat.'

We tied up. The gang hung around, refusing to work, waiting for the pay.

'Jones, come here.' Mr. Thompson, wiping his lips — he had just come from the skipper's cabin — he was feeling good. 'Go into the lamp-locker and polish the lamps, every damn one of 'em. I'll look things over before the commissioner comes on board. You shine 'em — good.' Mr. Thompson grinned at Jones, and Jones, a shrug to his shoulder, went to the lamp-locker and lit a cigarette amid the fumes of kerosene. I left him there frowning and smoking.

A few hours later, the commissioner having come aboard, I went to the lamp-locker. Jones had shined every lamp. He had bath-brick and putz all over him, he was dirty and perspiring, but the shelves held the glinting product of

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his labour. Side lights, running lights, all in a row. He had taken down and trimmed the lamps and they were as bright as brass can ever get. Then he tidied the room. He had trimmed the wicks and filled the lamps.

‘Well, I just thought I’d show Mr. Thompson that I can work, if he treats me right. You know I got a good girl back in Mobile. This ain’t a bad ship, no, not by a jugful.’ He talked volubly, bending over the deck, to which he was giving a final swabbing with a piece of waste. Mr. Thompson, standing in the door, heard much of the conversation.

‘Jones’ – he hesitated, looking over the work of the quartermaster – ‘I want to commend you for your good job. I hope you’ll be with us on the next trip. I’ll recommend you to Captain Fenlon as soon as we have a vacancy for second mate. Stay with me and I’ll see you get a ticket.’

‘I’ll have to leave this time, sir.’ Jones stood before the mate, humble in the face of praise, the shining lamp-locker behind him. ‘I know sir, you have had to complain of me, of my work, but I mean well, indeed I do, Mr. Thompson. I’m visiting my old mother this trip, over in Newark, but I’ll be back, sir, on the next voyage. You know I got a nice girl in

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Mobile; indeed, sir, I have a very nice girl there.'

'All right, Jones. Now lay aft, boys, and get your pay.'

We were paid, we went to the very small and smelly room and put on our shore clothes. Then Jones and I walked over South Street to Miller's bar and had a few glasses of beer.

'God, what an old cage that ship is!' he remarked. 'Dirty, filthy, rotten, and old as hell.'

'Well, she's got a damn clean set of lamps,' I remarked.

'Say.' He looked at me for a while and then remarked, 'You're mum on this — remember. It may mean a lot. You know that old barge always sails at night, or on Sunday, or something. Well, she's as nasty as sin, and that red-haired — — — fits her to a 'T. Now I made up my mind to forget that girl in Mobile; fact is, she was only stringing me, and I deserved what I got, going back there on that bug raft. I just about gave up the idea of getting at that mate when I thought of something.'

'You must have done some great thinking when you shined those lights.'

'You bet I did. They'll lock up that lamp-room, and when she goes out they'll hoist up those lights and the old man'll think the red-

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haired mate is damn smart. You bet, you bet.' He ordered two more beers. 'Now I'll tell you something, and you'll always remember me by it. I filled every lamp in that locker with water, and put an inch of oil on top; every lamp's fixed, and then I run out the oil-tank and filled it with water, good salt water from the head, and a little oil came up on top of that. Gee, but that red-head will have some fun when they get out — and they always sail at night. He'll remember me, too.'

Whatever happened to that ship, and how long her lights burned, has often occupied my mind. At any rate, I never heard of her again, or of Jones; and Mr. Thompson, the red-haired mate, has melted into the faded pattern of the past.

OFF PALAFOX STREET



IN every machine organized for co-ordinate action between men and their material things, the master must dream, at times, of an ultimate perfection. Nowhere is this dream more persistent than in the mind of the sea commander. Whole lives are devoted to training with the sole end in sight that, at some supreme moment, the officers, crew, and ship may completely fulfil their functions in some extreme emergency. Such emergencies have a habit of occurring without warning, in times of seeming security, and generally at night. This is the story of such an occasion.

It was on Christmas Eve, in 1918 by the count of calendars, almost a lifetime back in the crowding procession of events. The U.S.S. *Newport*, schoolship, then under the orders of the Commandant of the Third Naval District, had cruised down from New York to Pensacola. Admiral Usher, in conference with Captain Marcus Tracy, an old square-rigged shipmaster and a prominent ship operator on his own account, sent the little barkentine to sea. Captain Tracy was Chairman of the Board at that time and always insisted on as much sea training as possible. The admiral and the shipmaster saw to it that the boys in training kept

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going. That spring we had shoved off in the Sound in May and kept on the go until late in October, sailing most of the time. The armistice opened up the seas again, and the little ship was in prime shape for a West India cruise.

But smooth-water sailing is different from the crossing of the Stream, and the run north, across the Gulf from Dry Tortugas to Pensacola, in a heavy following sea, found us hove-to, ratching off the port for five days in a storm of extraordinary violence. Finally this abated, and on the day before Christmas we entered the wide bay. Captain Bennett, Commandant of the Naval Station, in answer to the usual question, remarked, 'The safest anchorage here is right off Palafox Street.'

'Best holding ground, just off Palafox Street,' the Captain of the Port also advised. I put her there, veered to forty-five fathoms on the starboard anchor in about ten fathoms of water, at high tide. I was completely tired out; we were all exhausted from the run and the storm. And in the storm our rudder had suffered considerable damage. The copper sheets were washed away, and all we had to steer by was a bronze frame with a ragged sheet of loose copper waving from its after side.

Now let us look over our ship. Gershom

OFF PALAFOX STREET

Bradford, Lieutenant, Senior Grade, in the Reserve, an *Enterprise* boy and a born sailor, a native of Duxbury, descendant of a long line of Yankee shipmasters, tall, lean, wiry, and alert, was executive. He is one of the most able officers who ever held that difficult position on a schoolship, and it has been held by many very able men, as Navy records show, men who have risen to flag rank, who have left their names on the imperishable log of fame. Lieutenant Bradford came to me in the cabin after dinner and reported the ship secure for the night.

Our families were up north. We did feel a bit homesick down there, and tired. 'I'm turning in, Brad. Leave a call for me at six. This place looks good after what we've been through. We'll have a diver out to look at the rudder to-morrow. Good night, old man.' Bradford and I had been shipmates eighteen years before that on the old Coast Survey steamer *Bache*. The usual anchor and engine-room watches were set, but the night was so fine that a whaler was allowed to ride astern on the quarter pendant, ready for the diver at daybreak the next morning.

Now, let us look a bit further. The chief engineer of the *Newport* at that time was Commander Clarence Mathews, a retired naval

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officer of great experience and ability. He had served on the schoolship for upward of ten years. He was a man who had in him the soundest tradition of the naval service. A board of medical men, some fifteen years before, had retired him, with the statement that he only had about six months to live. He refused to believe them and outlived every member of that board. Commander Mathews had been in the great Samoa typhoon on the U.S.S. *Trenton*; he had served with great credit under the Navy's ablest officers. His engines, his boilers, and his men, were always ready, always working, and always in immaculate order. His energy was phenomenal; his good humour and his integrity were the heritage of a hard, clean school.

I had passed the word with the Chief on the half-deck, just before taps, and we both turned in. The last note of the bugle had not yet sounded when I was asleep, my first night in a comfortable bunk for many nights. Coming down I had slept on a hard locker, turned in all standing.

That night, anchored off Palafox Street, on Christmas Eve, my wife and two boys were having their little tree in a small apartment near Columbia University. The children said their prayers that night, as they always do, for which

OFF PALAFOX STREET

I deserve no credit, the religious training of my family being in more competent hands than mine.

Another member of the ship's complement must be noted as we drop off to slumber in that southern port. This was Boatswain William Dreilick, the great Finnish sailor, now in retirement, who has done more for the seamanship of his adopted country than many a more exalted man. Dreilick, too, had turned in. The cadet complement, the well-trained members of that transcendent night, were slumbering, but those charged with the anchor watch were wide awake and alert. Lieutenant Bradford had taken a turn on deck at four bells and remarked to Quartermaster Berg, an old Navy man, 'Call me at once if there is any change.' He gave him the night orders. A drift-lead was put over the side; he cautioned him about the boat astern, about approaching boats, and took a slant at the vessels anchored about our ship.

'Good night, Quartermaster.'

'Good night, sir.'

And Mr. Bradford went below.

There may have been nights that started as quiet as that off Palafox Street, in the harbour of Pensacola, on December 24, 1918, but none more quiet. A storm-signal was hoisted shortly

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after the executive turned in, but no one looked for anything strong enough to disturb the ship. We were over a muddy bottom, with a long scope of cable. Not reporting this at once was the one small blunder in a succession of exceptional actions.

Four bells went amid the calm, five and six bells sounded, and lights began to dim along the water-front. Then a sudden drench of rain came down, warm sweet water out of a lowering velvet sky. It was still calm, but the quartermaster on watch called the executive.

Lieutenant Bradford reached the deck, his oil-coat over his pyjamas. He caught a glimpse of the storm warning through the rain, and at once notified the chief. Still it was calm, and he went down and drew on his boots. Suddenly it seemed as if something had hit the ship with a whang. Bradford was on deck in an instant. The water about the *Newport* began to boil with the lash of wind. All hands were called. Already they were slicing and feeding the fires, Mathews, in his pyjamas, in the fire-room.

'A snorter has come down on us.' Bradford stood over me for an instant in the stateroom, water dripping on me from his sou'wester. I jumped out. The ship was lively.

OFF PALAFOX STREET

'Let go port bower, and veer chain, both anchors.'

'Port anchor already over, Captain.' He had disappeared. I heard shouting on deck, and I stepped to the cabin port and looked out. A stump-masted hulk that had been some distance astern of us when we anchored was abeam, due, perhaps, to veering chain, and then I saw the whaler alongside tending forward. We were dragging!

I jumped out on deck, catching my oilcoat from the hook in the half-deck, and called for a lad to get my boots and sou'wester. A tremendous flash of lightning, followed instantly by thunder, obliterated every other sound. Men and boys were tumbling up out of the hatches; the harbour was white with seething foam.

'Port head braces. *Sharp up!*' I shouted to Dreilick as I passed him at the bridge-ladder. The yards swung into the wind. Another wide flash of lightning showed Bradford on the fore-castle head, watching the chain. The two cables rode out of the water, far ahead of the ship. At once I put the telegraph, *Full speed ahead.*

Smoke and sparks were belching from the stack. The wheel was manned. Helm amidship.

The vessel that had been abeam was now far on our bow. We were surely sagging astern

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through the soft harbour silt. The screw began to churn. Our drift slackened. Then a roar of wind came down on us, a whipping black squall filled with rain and of terrific force. The little ship, hanging by her anchors, her screw churning, still dragged.

'Chief's compliments, sir. He can't hold full speed much longer. Not making steam fast enough now. Can he slow down?'

'No! FULL SPEED!'

A moment more, and another boy was on the bridge with the same message. Close under our stern, in the flashes of lightning, we saw white breakers rising over a huge wharf. It was less than a hundred feet from our counter. Ensign G. W. R. Hughes, stationed aft, was rousing up a new ten-inch manilla line, with orders to make fast if we hit the wharf, and to warn all hands to hang on and not jump.

'Steam will drop in a few minutes.' They were working below with desperation. 'Full speed! Everything you've got. Heave in forward, both anchors!' The windlass began to turn. It looked, momentarily, as if the drag had stopped; then she began to inch ahead.

'Can't hold steam, sir.' A boy was shouting at me in the pandemonium.

'FULL SPEED!'

OFF PALAFOX STREET

We were coming back over the anchors. The little ship took a sudden spurt.

‘Anchors both away!’

‘*Hard a-starboard!*’ The damaged rudder went over; the *Newport*, always a lively dame, turned on her heel before she could start back. We drew the wind on the starboard bow. It caught the head-yards on their after sides. ‘Sheet aft, hoist sway, fore stays’l!’ Bradford already had his men at the halyards, the rag turned her as if she was jerked by the nose. We slid to port, cleared an anchored barge by a matter of five feet; then the little ship was racing out into Pensacola Bay, the wind abaft the beam, and a howling gale it was, shooting her free from that terrible pier at Palafox Street.

‘Steam’s gone, sir!’ a boy shouted.

‘Tell the chief we’re all right, thanks to what we got.’

Late that mid-watch we sat at the table in the ward-room with hot coffee and hard-tack, talking over the affair. It had suddenly turned calm, the sky clear, stars out, a beautiful Christmas morning.

‘That last steam went through her like a dose of salts,’ Mathews remarked. ‘The old girl blew

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her lungs out for us. I thought it was another Samoa.'

We had shifted into dry things and talked. Our boys were all turned in again and the new anchor watch set.

Gershom Bradford visits me at least once a year, and we never fail to recall that night. Clarence Mathews is gone, off over the side to his reward. Dreilick is retired, living on a farm in Connecticut, with a married daughter and grandchildren to spin yarns to. George Hughes is an admiralty lawyer, and Quartermaster Berg, when last heard from, was a chief mate in the merchant service. For weeks after this I would often wake up at night; a horrible picture of our little ship smashing over that cruel wharf, grinding boys, and a battered wreck, would fill my dreams. I never want to come closer to disaster, nor would I ever ask for a better crew than those officers and men of that tremendous night.

JACK DODGE



JACK DODGE was a fine example of the British sailor. Tall, lean, but broad of shoulder, with straw-coloured hair, a very large nose on a brick-red face – he looked so nautical they made him a saloon deckman, in the second cabin on the old *St. Louis*. Whenever I came aft to read the log, Jack would be around. We got to be exceedingly chummy. When one of the juniors was sent aft to heave the Thompson lead, Jack was there to lend a hand with the sounding machine. His ‘Ay, ay, sir,’ when responding to an order, was classic.

‘Where have you been before this?’ Mr. Webb asked one morning when we were coming across the banks, with ‘one leg on the bottom.’

‘The navy, sir.’ And Jack winked at me. I found out later that he had been in many navies, and had sailed under many names. He was no rascal, only an adventurer, and we knew him as Seaman Jack Dodge.

His last naval service had been that of a seaman gunner in the Channel Squadron. He was discharged, legally, and shipped in the American Line. You see, Jack had got married and was living in a little brick house over in Woolston, near Southampton.

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We were pounding back and forth across the Western Ocean, yarning, joking, and getting better and better acquainted. Regular friendships, on the lower deck, take time. A man living with his wife and baby on the pay of a seaman, plus a modest increment of second-cabin tips, dispenses hospitality with the greatest care.

'The Missus asked me to bring you over to Sunday dinner,' Jack announced. We were on a lay-up, in the early spring, in Southampton. 'She's anxious to have you see the baby, and bring over your camera and take a picture of her.'

On Sunday, after the morning's work on the bridge, I got into my best suit and started across the floating bridge. Jack met me and we walked some distance to a modest street; clean and well-kept houses in rows indicated a sturdy respect and love of home. Jack's place was on the lower floor of a little house of two stories, divided front and back so that four families lived in it. 'Ellen likes the back,' he remarked, 'because she can step out in the garden.'

Ellen was there to meet us, a very comely young woman, and in her arms was young Jack, just under a year old. Certain very appetizing odours – I had a nose for grub those days – greeted me.

JACK DODGE

The Jack Dodge home consisted of three rooms. In the very snug living-room was a coal fire, over which was rigged an oven in which was placed a prime piece of South Downs mutton. Mrs. Jack handed the baby to her husband and began to baste this glistening joint. Jack had a half-dozen of porter, and the Missus had the table already set.

'Say, Jack, a lord couldn't have a finer dinner,' I remarked as we sat down. At this Ellen began to laugh heartily. She had fine white teeth and was positively beautiful.

'That's a good one, Felix.' Jack was genial as he carved. 'Ellen was cook for Lord Darnley, in Kent. They hated to see her go,' and he glanced at her. 'She never did anything better than this,' he added as the meat fell in tender slices. We had boiled potatoes sprinkled with parsley, and mint sauce, and a Yorkshire pudding.

That night Mrs. Dodge left the baby in care of her front neighbour, and we returned to the High Street in Southampton for tea, and then went to the Grand and saw *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*.

My log of those days constantly records the name of Jack Dodge. I can see him waiting for me at the dock gate, and what a man he was!

SHIPMATES

His blue trousers brushed to the last turn of perfection, his jersey turned back to front to hide the company mark and the letters 'SEAMAN' that spread across his breast when on duty, and his blue coat very tight across the shoulders. His shoes were polished, and his face was shining from soap and water. We would walk out in the country and meet Ellen and the baby near his home and stroll back with them.

The picture I took of Mrs. Dodge attests her comeliness, and little Jack smiles from the print: he's a man of years now. Suddenly the whole little world of friendship was shattered, the pleasant days in Southampton came to an end. I, too, was twenty-one, got a licence from Captain Seeley, and shipped out on the steamship *American* as third mate, and never saw Jack Dodge again.

Somewhere I have a letter from him. He was then in the P. & O., running to India, and he sent me a long account of the happenings in Woolston. I replied, but a long voyage intervened, and no further word came from this shipmate. Jack must be an old man now, if he still survives. Jack figured his twenty shillings a week with the utmost care. Once he got three pounds for a trial trip to Cardiff; it took them a week, and it was during our lay-up. It was a

JACK DODGE

tremendous windfall. We went to the York on the night of his return, and as Jack and Ellen waved good-bye from the floating bridge, I noticed he had his arm about her waist; I would wager both were happy.

HANOVER SQUARE



THE most vivid things lie a few years behind us; we have gone on, or perhaps time pushes past us while we remain stationary; the effect, however, is a turbulent present and then a clear wake in which we see so much. This may explain how easily a man can detect his errors after they have been committed. For a long while, so it seems, the past gilds itself with the uttermost romance. Small events often take on tremendous importance, viewed in the light of experience, and the incident of an hour continues to shine in the pattern of the past.

Friends, faces, laughter, tense moments fraught with great significance, frauds, crowds, all mingle about the neighbourhood of Hanover Square. Prohibition has prostituted the Square, so far as flavour goes, and much of its mellow atmosphere of a few years back has flown. For instance, the Sanatorium has given up the ghost.

I once walked through Hanover Square, very early in the morning, to join a ship on South Street. I carried a canvas bag, a Bowditch, and a new sextant. The craft was the *Catania*, possibly remembered by a few who were unlucky enough to ship on her. The job I was hurrying toward was that of quartermaster, to stand four-hour wheels on watch and to try and sleep in a

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room already given over to vermin. The other quartermaster was named Jones, already celebrated in this book.

The significant years about the Square, so far as my memory is concerned, are from 1916 on. It was a turbulent time when war and shipping boomed. India House, in the old Grace Building, fits into the scheme of the Square. Perhaps it is not quite two hundred years old, but it looks like it, and when a thing looks old and genuine, especially now, we ask few questions. Clubs and corks and labels mean so little to present-day survivors. Some of my memories have to do with India House, where I was often the guest of P. H. W. Ross, in the old National Marine League days. There we once talked for a delightful hour with Maurice Francis Egan. Sitting on the great brown overstuffed leather cushions, taking our coffee after a luncheon of generous proportions, we were among men of port and of importance. For a time I imagined them all great India merchants, adventurers overseas and the like. Of course all of us are adventurers, and in India House are gathered the more successful ones; at least, they look successful, which, for business uses, amounts to about the same thing.

The food in India House is sumptuous. After

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the British custom, we saw great joints wheeled on steaming servers; the footmen in purple livery looked at me suspiciously. The immense layouts of *hors-d'œuvres* sparkled and gave off appetizing smells. But the sights, to me at least, were the full-blown citizens amid their gallery of ancient ship models and prints. It is in a splendid setting, this luncheon club in Hanover Square, and as time goes on it will grow older, unless some speculator comes along and buys it to tear down and build up a great tower of offices. But there was much deep sentiment in the starting of India House, and sentiment may keep it there.

I have also lunched under India House. Here gathered the lower deck of appreciative midday gourmets. Sometimes I have wondered if the same kitchen prepares the food for the saloon above and the steerage below. Surely there must be a vast amount of left-overs from the exalted regions. The beer used to be very ably handled in the old days, and the cooking was agreeably spiced and thirst-encouraging. It was the favourite lunch place of the more discriminating men from the old offices of the American Bureau of Shipping, then on Hanover Square.

The shadow of the Elevated, running through Pearl Street and across the Square, adds to its

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charm. Not long back a tremendous thing happened in Pearl Street. The usual crowd were watching, standing around, hoping against hope, and, as sometimes happened, the expected came to pass. The object of interest, when about at the second story, tore away from its sling, or the fall parted. *The safe actually dropped!*

I saw reporters, camera-men, and police lines holding back the agitated crowd. It was next door to India House. No rope-makers were there to claim credit for the performance, or to admit the manufacture of the faithless cordage.

Hanover Square holds memories of rope, of rope proprietors, of rope salesmen, of rope schemers, lunching at a side restaurant and whispering about their affairs. A phrase of those days that will always stick in my mind is the one, 'We are all gentlemen, so why sign any papers?' The plot thickens, and the mystery of the Square reaches off beyond the city, beyond the realm of reality into the deep valley of cupidity and cunning. An exciting novel may start there some day, spinning its mesh of rope, its net of circumstance, across the years.

I have mentioned the Sanatorium, perhaps the most picturesque establishment of the old days. Old Doc Knirim presided there with his imported tepid Pilsener and genuine Camem-

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bert, friend and philosopher to a very select company. Only the most intimate and understanding souls were admitted to his care. Of course it was a public-house, just as the world is a sort of inn, but to be invited to the end of the bar and gently questioned and prescribed for by old Knirim himself – well, it was one of the things only possible in Hanover Square. The memories of this place centre about my introduction there by Lou Weickum, one of the very choicest of humanitarians, and the kindly, swimming, understanding eyes of the Doc. Once I lunched there with my friend Henry Swann, seaman and mystic, now passed beyond. Once I heard a compliment passed, a thing to remember. I was lunching with Christopher Morley and another friend, a young man of keen business discernment. We were talking much, Morley and I, when my young friend asked, 'Are you both graduates of Columbia?'

The compliment, to Haverford and Oxford, could best be appreciated in the atmosphere of the good old Sanatorium, now no more.

The Cable Café on the west side of Hanover Square, is more or less associated with memories of my old shipmate, Captain Thomas A. Miller. It was his usual noontime rendezvous. It was

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always a busy place and well filled with shipping men of the more discerning kind. The salt-crusted crescent-shaped rolls, in their little wicker baskets, added just the right degree of zest to seidels of cream-topped brew. We talked of charters, of fixtures, of deals in South and Central America, and here, in 1916, Captain Tom broached the scheme of going down to Magellan and snaking off a few million dollars' wealth of hulks and towing them north. All of the big business men we saw were too scared to risk their good money on this crazy enterprise. Later on enterprising foreigners did the trick, and — well, Hanover Square is full of stories of the big things that almost happened.

I was talking with a man a few days ago who in 1916 took a flyer in cotton-seed oil. When he was advised to switch to cotton (he was eighty thousand ahead) he refused. Cotton jumped, but the oil seeped out of the market and left him flat. He would have made, as per his statement, a sum so staggering I hesitate to mention it in connection with Hanover Square. You see, the Cotton Exchange is next door to the Cable and all on the Square.

Below the Cable Café is, or was, the low-lying den known as Kaptain Kidd's Kave. Its special virtue resided in the fact that a table d'hôte

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luncheon cost only sixty cents. Here we often came to revel in atmosphere, the 'we' being Morley and his friends, Joe Beatty, Frank Abbott, and others. Once, cruising through Fulton Street, Kit, in a moment of enthusiasm, bought a huge chunk of Roquefort cheese at one of the local cheese marts. This he carried to the Kave. During luncheon this delectable slab was placed on the table and chopped into liberally. At the conclusion of the meal more than half of it remained. Morley, with a generous gesture and an inimitable smile, presented it to the waiter. 'Thank you, sir, thank you kindly,' and he carried it off in haste. The smell of the thing had tickled his nose for the better part of an hour; the man was simply ravenous for it.

The dignified and established house of Grace and Company lends solidity of a sea-going and foreign-trading air to the good company of Hanover Square. Its operations, its steamers, its bank and its tradition, are in keeping with the locality. Off toward the East River the masts and stacks of steamers are to be seen, and up above the Square tower the tops of tall buildings, many of them unknown to the observer. Wall Street edges in close to the northern end of the Square, and here, once upon

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a time, was located that adventure known as the China American Line, or words to that effect. Millions and millions of Chinese were anxious to establish commerce with America, to ship great cargoes of sharks' fins and rat tails and bird nests to Pell and Mott and Doyer Streets, and thousands of laundry-men had heard of the great business of overseas trade and were willing to buy stock in the enterprise.

Once a ship, of a rival concern, did go out to China, and stayed there, anchored by various libels and such-like retarding annoyances. There was to be a very profitable passenger traffic between the Celestial Kingdom and the Spanish Main, coolies voyaging back and forth, and then the commerce in cargo was to come on to the home port in New York. But Hanover Square has seen much start, and much of it has not continued.

Once I was fascinated, on the edge of Hanover Square, by a ball of steel spinning in a cup, supported by a blast of compressed air. Royal E. Bibbins, the inventor, worked away in his laboratory, with his miniature metal globe, simulating the motion and position of old Mother Earth.

Many of my noon hours were spent in the vicinity of the Square. Once a group of young

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women started a lunch-room around the corner from the Sanatorium. It was in the blush of prohibition promise. They had an idea that the best of sandwiches and coffee would be appreciated. I never was able to completely fathom the enterprise. Matronly women, suspiciously enthusiastic, came in and out, more like chaperons than proprietors. The waitresses were comely young women of understanding, working with the joyous propriety that one associates with a cause. Professional hash-slingers are apt to be pert and snappy, especially if they are pretty.

In commercial joints the lure of beauty downs the meanest meals, but in this evanescent enterprise the air of good breeding carried on above the gurgle of a shiny urn filled with expensive coffee. What were they trying to do? Why did they quit? I often went in there for the best sandwiches in town, and then they wafted away. Did the girls all marry under-clerks of Grace and Company? Did the matrons find contact with Hanover Square too strongly flavoured with salt?

I might tell a great deal more about the Square, about the female cook who ruled a weak old man, about the things that were whispered during the noon hour when the under-dogs

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compare their data and marvel at the way others 'get by.' But life is like that, everywhere. The whole section of lower New York bubbles with the pent-up yeast of working humanity. It throws off sparkling light and glows, even in the dark. Whistles boom down along the river, the Elevated trains crash overhead, and luxurious limousines roll up to the kerb at India House. At the news-stand, in the little oasis in the centre of the Square, the headlines mark the passing pulse-beats of time. Some day, perhaps, we will hear the shouts of 'Extra, extra. PROHIBITION REPEALED!' Then good stuff will come back to Hanover Square, old waiters will return, old eyes will brighten, and honest old bar-tenders will again come into their own. Perhaps the ghost of old Doc Knirim will return and open up his Sanatorium with the first shipment of the real imported brew. If not, the younger gin-fed generation will never know the old Square as it was.

THE STOLEN MAGNETS



RECENTLY a curious combination of strange circumstances brought me in contact with one of those minor tragedies of the sea in which every element of human cunning is pitted against the reputation and the livelihood of the master. If the keel of the tug *Bathgate* had been laid down north and south when building, Captain Frederickson would never have cried, on the early morning of March 22, '*My God! how did we get here?*' for, navigating with the caution of his long experience, he had sounded his way through a fog from the Cape Charles Lightship, shaping a course to clear Winter Quarter Shoal.

The courses out to the sea buoy, out from Norfolk, had been mainly east and west, the compass checking with the known headings. Somewhere, back in Norfolk perhaps, the mate, recently discharged for drunkenness, knew that the correcting magnets were missing from the *Bathgate's* binnacle.

As every one who has given thought to the subject knows, the magnetic character of a steel hull is largely due to the direction in which it has been built. East and west would place the polarity on either beam, and magnets or no magnets, the compass would point substantially true on those headings. But once on a north

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and south course, the full force of the ship's magnetism is in play to displace the needle from the magnetic meridian, unless corrected by the little magnets in the binnacle. The *Bathgate's* keel was east and west when building.

The villain in this little drama prised open the binnacle—the marks of a screwdriver were plainly visible — and departed with his grouch and the guardian magnets. Knowing what subsequently happened, he is no doubt completely satisfied with himself; fortunately no lives were lost.

Where I came into the picture was in the capacity of a witness on behalf of the master to consider the precautions he had taken, the methods of his navigation, and to state, in view of the strange combination of circumstances veiling the wrong pointing of his compass when he turned northward in a fog, that his duty had been fully and faithfully performed.

Clearly he and his ship were victims of a dastardly deed combined with a masking fog and the strange readings of his lead, for he took regular soundings, passing into several gullies of deep water well inshore.

It all became a duel between the underwriters and the owners as to who would pay, and the problem of payment hinged upon the safe, or unsafe, navigation of the ship.

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So much for the plot of the thing. The dramatic hours of doubt, the master and mate of the tug hanging in their pilot-house windows, watching, peering endlessly through fog and drifting mist, their ears searching for an opposing whistle between the thunders of their own, the responsibility for the tows astern, the tenseness of readiness for instant action – those things are forgotten by the lawyers who sit about a paper-littered table and browbeat and thunder at a mariner and ask him, ‘*Why – why?*’ – always implying that the man should be weighing and balancing his soundings, and even suggesting that he should be down on his knees in the dark with a match examining the pilot-house furniture, and incidentally the scratches on the door of the violated binnacle.

The unfortunate man, when his soundings began to shoal, only hauled out a quarter point. According to the lawyers – and they were undoubtedly right – he should have headed due east. But the master always had in the back of his mind the fact of other vessels, of the direction of travel, and of the lives and property towing helplessly astern. To deliberately beat out across the run of coastwise traffic, in a fog, would seem a needless risk.

Of course the master was blamed. In fact,

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no other course was open to the arbitrator, the Honourable Harrington Putnam. The tug, and one of her tows, the barge *Jonesport*, had grounded on Black Fish Shoal, and the skipper was Captain Frederickson, the seamanlike, sturdy man, with tanned face and competent bearing. A naval court would have scoured the country for the magnet thief, and might very properly have commended the master on the splendid seamanship displayed in working his tug and his first barge off the shoal without assistance.

But the whole business of courts and the law is full of strange channels, poorly buoyed by precedent with many curious beacons flashing and obscuring the procedure. Other experts were there, other mariners, swearing roundly that the skipper of the *Bathgate* was negligent. Let us quote from the memorandum in the case, by Mr. George W. R. Hughes, of Barry, Wainwright, Thatcher and Symmers. It sums up the status of the 'expert,' apparently always on hand to damn the man who has had trouble at sea.

'No marine disaster would be complete without the man who knows what ought to have been done to avoid it. There are always plenty of these men who have a stock of explanations

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and who lose no time in condemning those they believe responsible. What Judge Mayer has to say about this class of people is right in point:

“It was argued that the captain should have done one of several things other than go ahead with all the power at his command. I think he decided on the best plan, but whether he did or not, his decision was the result of a fair exercise of judgment under very difficult circumstances. The contrary view, as testified by Captain Nott, called as an expert, is but the old story of being able to tell, after the event, what should have been done when the critics were not there and were not confronted with the problem nor the emergency. There is always a Captain Nott. Sometimes he sits by the cosy fireside, and sometimes he testifies in the court-room. He recites how it could have been better managed; but if the responsibility had been his he would have been worried sick and probably would not have done half as well. 298 Fed. 530.”

The aftermath of any disaster, the investigation, must be on the mind of the skipper. Undoubtedly many a man has preferred to face his Maker rather than ‘Captain Notts’ and a horde of expert witnesses and lawyers.

RAIN



THE fall of rain, the drizzle and swish of wet squalls, often fits in with the thing called temperament. To-night a steady drench of rain patters through an apple tree outside of my window; I am reminded of a wet passage. It was my first cruise on the old schoolship *St. Mary's*, out of New London, bound for Queens-town, early in the summer of 1896.

The *St. Mary's* was an old sloop of war, ship-rigged, built in 1884 at Washington, D.C., if my memory of her origin is correct. We had spent a week at anchor in the Thames, off the old Pequot House, and, on a misty morning in June, hove anchor and proceeded through the Race.

Once past Montauk, cloudy skies began to shed their rain. With intermittent squalls and stiff westerly weather we drove on toward the Azores under a constant pelt of water. Our oil-skins became water-logged, and we had no way to dry them. Four on and four off on an old-fashioned schoolship! Hammocks, stowed under tarpaulin nettings, began to sog with the wet. The nettings were stowed at seven-thirty in the morning watch, and after that, until the beginning of the second dog-watch, those below rested, between the tasks of the ship, by

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stretching on mess benches, or curled up in coils of rope.

The first two weeks of rain leached out our skins, caused callous hands and feet to become like honeycomb, and put our old ship into a state of murky mildew. The hard bread turned out of the casks in dingy crumbling flakes. The potatoes began to go bad, the corned-beef hash looked bluish in the morning, and the salt junk, that veteran of great voyages, took on a friendly tone, for no mere rain could discourage its hide and bristles, or its strong flavour. Old seamen, from the berth-deck, came up swearing, and the quartermasters regaled us youngsters with tales of awful horror, of men going white and punk in the dissolving rain.

The rigging began to turn white, the decks got scummy, in spite of constant holystoning and scrubbing with sand and coir brooms. The dank smell of the bilge, for we were covered with hatch-hoods, filled the ancient ship with a graveyard odour.

‘Ven in the name of Gawd vill dis stop?’ Boatswain Dreilick often asked. ‘Ve must have a Jonah on board.’ We were past the Azores, shaping a course toward the coast of Ireland, close-hauled, for the wind had turned into the north and east and another series of watery

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squalls kept us streaming with rain. Three weeks had passed and hardly a dry watch recorded in the log.

By this time the weather grew colder. The continuous rain had long inured us to the feel of wet clothing. Old Dr. Marsteller, a practical navy surgeon of the ancient order, advised us to keep wet with salt water. 'Never knew a man yet to catch cold from good salt water.'

In the night watches, with close to a hundred boys on board, I have known tired lads who slept through the manœuvre of tacking ship, stowed far under the dark bulge of the weather hammock nettings, only to be awakened and half drowned when the ship came about and the stream of deck-water soused down on them and brought them to their senses.

Noah sailed for a hundred and fifty days in a great downpour, but he and his family and the assortment of animate creation were under cover. In the ships of the time of which I write, cover was considered unnecessary. There was virtue in the strong blast and the wash of water. The elements, as we called them, were our immediate companions.

Twenty-eight days after leaving the Thames we dropped anchor off Haulbowline, in the harbour of Queenstown. The morning broke

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clear, and the sun, so we learned, had not quit his job, but still shed warm radiance over the Emerald Isle. The decks became hot; the steam rose from us as we dried out in one of the most delightful harbours I have ever set eyes upon.

Like so many things, the wet passage was quickly forgotten; I have a twinge of rheumatism now and again, and perhaps if I had gone to sea with Noah or in this age of steam-heated wheel-houses, the heritage of harsh days might not have followed me ashore. But I have become friendly with the rain; it is a grand thing, this flushing-down of the world. The relief from bright sunlight and from the tense activity with which we surround ourselves always comes to me with a grateful sense of rest.

I can hear better during rainy weather; country church bells, ringing in the morning, come over the air with the most entrancing tones. I have a curious subconscious feeling that all is well when it rains; a thought that is ever with me is this, 'I am always lucky when it rains.' And it is a lovely thing to have such a feeling, especially when it rains quite often. When it pours few people go calling, few people go tearing about in motor-cars unless they have to; more people are forced to stay in one place for a few hours, and I imagine they get a chance to

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reflect. I do a lot of my reading under such conditions. And what is finer than a good steady rain, late at night, sousing the old surface of this wrinkled world?

A wonderful thing, on a black night, plastered with rain, is to light a pipe and go aboard the ships of Captain Marryat. If you are wise enough to understand this, take my advice when a wet night comes and read a chapter or two of Marryat, or Herman Melville.

THE OLD COAST SURVEY



My first sight of a Survey vessel was a visit to the *Blake* at the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. This exposition had a great deal to do with my determination to get on blue water. The ships, the great hall of ship models, mostly part of the foreign exhibits, and the salt that was in me, handed down by a long line of seafaring ancestors, worked the spell. There were many evidences of the sea at that old exposition, the whaling barque *Progress*, the caravels of Columbus in actual reconstructed glory, the Viking long ship, and the *Blake*, and also that romantic craft the gunboat *Michigan*, only man-o'-war on the Great Lakes, and the old revenue-cutter *Andy Johnson*, a black-hulled paddle craft often seen scuttling up the lake after bumboat men.

The *Blake* seemed millions of miles beyond my dreams in those days, but later on I was actually to board her, an officer in the Coast Survey myself.

The occasion of this visit, one of a series of visits exchanged by officers of the various Coast Survey craft basing at Speddin's Yard in Baltimore, was signalized by the fact that I held four kings at four bells in the mid-watch of a game in which I had been stripped to my shirt. But the

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pot was ample, also the betting, sitting there with those cardboard monarchs and raising against a full house held by a hard-headed Assistant, as they called the scientists in those days. He really needed financial assistance for the rest of that month, and, I thought, held a much higher regard for the seagoing personnel than before.

The *Eagre*, a wonderful schooner, a great able craft, with no engine in her, was much cut down for Coast Survey uses. Once she was the *Mohegan*, anchored off Tompkinsville, if memory serves, with all sail set, gaffs hoisted taut, and sheets hove in *and belayed*. It was a calm summer day. The owner and guests were in the spacious cabin when a sudden squall raced over New York Harbour, caught her on the beam and promptly capsized her, drowning a number of those trapped below. In my visits on board this fine craft, I tried to reconstruct, in my mind, the tragedy of that day. She was a noble yacht.

One of my recollections of the Survey goes back to San Francisco, in the year 1900. It was a thing I will always remember, an occasion, if you get what I am driving at. I was third mate on the steamship *American* at the time, and by some very fortunate circumstance, now for-

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gotten, I was invited to dinner on the Coast Survey vessel *Gedney*.

She was a black-painted little craft, very snug. As we went down to the ward-room an aroma of extraordinary fragrance and power greeted me. Several very fine-looking officers, in the form-fitting mohair braided uniform of those days, stood about. A man with golden and crimson stripes was busy decanting pungent California sherry from a small keg into bottles. This was the surgeon, Dr. Markoe, if I remember him aright, dark and genial, then caterer to the wine mess. He took great pride in his own judgment and handling of liquors. I peeped into the wine locker and was astonished at his supplies.

Her distinguished skipper was Captain Dickens, full-bearded and genial, like the great novelist.

I never will forget the *Patterson*. Having filed an application for employment in the Coast Survey, I voyaged further in the steamship *American*, getting to Puget Sound. Here the barquentine-rigged *Patterson* lay at anchor, just previous to her departure for Alaska. Naturally I boarded her and called on Whitney I. Eisler, an old *St. Mary's* boy, then a junior officer on the Survey ship.

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Mr. Eisler, then as now, was a leader of fashion, and of great charm and genial personality. He not only welcomed me on board, but insisted that I remain as his guest at dinner, and with the most charming hospitality told me of his affairs in Seattle. Really Mr. Eisler, a humorist and a gentleman of rare discrimination, exhibited his rich wardrobe of dress clothes, his mess-jackets, his silk hat, his great collection of souvenirs, and the very charming photographs of those society ladies whose autographed pictures he had been willing to accept, each of these 'To Whitney I. Eisler' with some appropriate sentiment.

As Captain Eisler is one of my very good friends and a gentleman of the world, I know he will not resent this rather personal remembrance of his charm. We have met since, and again he is in China, at Shanghai, a credit to the old schoolship.

Later I was an officer on the steamer *Bache* of the C. & G. Survey, Captain 'Pop' Welker in command, and such men as Ainsworth, Canon Lee Greene, Henry Smith, and Gershom Bradford in the ward-room.

An ancient, named Jimmy Toulson, carried whole chart-cases full of knowledge in his head,

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as he had served on every important station as leadsmen and quartermaster. The date of these experiences is about 1901-2. I have always thought that some day I would get an inspiration and do a few sketches of Coast Survey days. They were great days, as any one sailing with Pop Welker would be willing to admit. A finer skipper never set foot on a deck, nor a squarer man.

We worked from sun-up to sunset, or until we could not see the signals, and the old boy had no mercy on us. But in port — well, it was different. He believed in having a good time, and his belief was well supported by the facts.

Captain Welker was no prohibitionist, but, in fact, he was one of the greatest examples of sobriety. No amount of ordinary rye liquor could affect him. He could look any man in the eye and walk a straight plank after extraordinary libations. Always the gentleman, this Coast Survey officer was worthy of great traditions. Navy officers were never able to incapacitate him with their hospitality. Even Revenue Cutter officers, then, as now, engaged in constant warfare against hard liquor, were inclined to refer to him with respect.

Canon Lee Greene, one time executive on the

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Bache, succeeding Mr. Ainsworth, I again fell in with on a visit to Ellis Island, where both these worthy shipmates had transferred their activities. Greene was chief of the Bureau of Special Investigations, the most interesting job on the island, and Ainsworth had brought his great ability to the task of feeding the multitudes. 'A sailor can do anything, and do it well,' was his motto.

My first experience of the quality of the *Bache*, a stout new craft, and of the philosophy of Pop Welker, was when we were nosing in toward a beach in Florida, and I, being on the watch, became greatly troubled, sending men to the chains.

'Never mind that, sir.' Captain Welker smoked his cigar calmly. 'We'll get a sounding soon, with her nose.' And so we did. He thought nothing of running that broad oak keel on the beach, and located shoals, or bars, by bumping, discreetly, of course, upon the bottom. Then the scientific staff would measure a round of angles and Chief Engineer Flannery would kick her off with the engines, pumping out a tank or two if necessary.

The time we entertained the Hanan boys, in New Bedford — it was after a particularly hard ten days off the Handkerchief Lightship —

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the old *Bache* resounded to hospitality such as only the old Survey could provide. Those were the days when Mr. Ogden sat in a big chair in Washington and listened to your story with a flexible black sound-reflector in his teeth, a gentleman and a scholar, kindly and well liked. The martinet, in those days, if the ship talkers were true, was Frank Walley Perkins. As I come to think of what we did, I don't wonder that Mr. Perkins was inclined to be a bit taut.

But the old Survey is as far from being recorded as at the start of this paper. Once I walked down Palafox Street in Pensacola with Dr. Shepherd, as fine a medical man as ever went to sea, his hand-made shoes glinting in the southern sun and a late copy of the *Army and Navy Journal* under his cane-carrying elbow. Dr. Shepherd, bless him, did not wear a monocle; it is the only fault I have ever been able to charge him with.

A vivid memory of those times is my shipmate, Billy Sanger, quizzical, full of humour, and with a delightful philosophy. He lent me his typewriter and I tapped off my first dollar's-worth of merchantable script, in the huge chart-room of the *Bache*. It was an article on hydrographic surveying, sent to a scientific paper,

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accepted, and lost. A year or so afterward, an indignant author called on the editor, and received apologies. The article was again written, after untold labour, and, after another year or so, appeared in print. Then, after a dignified interval, lest the affair take on a sordid commercialism, an honorarium of ten dollars arrived by U.S. Mail. The start seemed to me to be wonderfully encouraging. Up to that time I had always worked hard for my money.

THE U.S.S. CHASE



IN 1903, the little white barque *Chase*, sail alone, was commanded by Captain W. E. Reynolds. Lieut. Jacobs was executive, and then came Lieut. F. C. Billard, navigator, and Lieut. John Boedecker, junior watch officer.

When the new cadets joined the ship, coming alongside in a launch, Mr. Jacobs, with a slip of paper in his hand, called our names, and we marched up the starboard ladder, in the order of our percentages in the highly competitive examination by which we had been admitted to the very tight little Revenue Cutter Service. This at once advised us that we were to be handled with the utmost regularity. Needless to say, I went up the ladder last.

Assigned to our rooms in the steerage, also according to examination rank, two in a room, Rhode Nash, one-time divinity student in the University of Virginia, topped me by a small percentage and was my room-mate. He had the choice of bunks, and took the lower.

Also terribly near the bottom of the list were Jimmie Alger of Boston and Leroy Reinburg of Washington, both still in the Coast-guard, now carrying three stripes and many honours, and both officers of the most substantial attain-

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ments, men with fine war-service records and sailors from keel to truck.

Nash got religion again, spending most of his time on his knees; the lower bunk was a help to him in this, and he resigned of his own volition and answered the call. I met him again in New York, in 1917, then a very responsible officer of the Treasury, on a special mission.

Kelly, one of the high-ranking cadets of our class, may recall the adventure of the pot of jam, stolen from the lazaret at midnight, and thrown into his bunk at the alarm, when the master-at-arms plunged in among a group of young gentlemen (as we were called by courtesy) digging into the huge crock with pieces of stolen hard-tack.

Davey Rial, who came over the gangway first, if I recall, also resigned and became a professor of mathematics ashore. While on the *Chase* he worked out a very simple and concise formula to prove the principle of double reflection employed in the sextant. If you are interested in this you will find it in Bradford's new *Glossary of Sea Terms*, duly credited to Prof. David W. Rial. I believe I was a link in rescuing this formula from possible oblivion.

Somewhere I have a long poem written about

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the schoolship *Chase* and its crew. It was written in the Arctic, in a mood of reminiscence.

The first duty assigned to us by Lieutenant Jacobs was the art of the salute. We were stood along the port side of the poop and a most officious young cadet officer named Crapster began to drill us with thorough repetition while the sardonic executive, over to starboard, looked on with a sad eye, walking back and forth with certain precision. He took a definite number of steps back and forth at a certain definite time each day. He was as regular as a good chronometer.

Cadet Ward had a great knack for caricature and made sketches of the officers and the crew. He was a fine lad, dark hair and very soulful eyes. He graduated into the service, but the chances of life were against him. Cadet Glover was another of the boys who walked up that steep gangway, and then there was Cadet Austin, a fine-looking youngster, tall and handsome, and still in the service. I think that was the list of that class. All of it seems like a forgotten page out of Marryat. Once a month the Sunday muster was in full dress, captain and officers with frock-coats and fore-and-afters and swords. Not far away the hull of the sloop-of-war *Dale* was slowly rotting on a mud-bank.

THE U.S.S. CHASE

Ships about Curtis Bay had a flavour of the old days of the blockade, and of southern times before the war.

One Sunday afternoon, I broke liberty and went beyond bounds with one of my shipmates, an officer now in the service. I will not mention his name lest he be court-martialled on the strength of this report. A big picnic had just broken ground and returned to Baltimore. Left behind in a shady glade, because it was too heavy, was a dewy-sided keg of real beer, still a quarter full, lying on its side with spigot in place. Drinking direct from the spigot is an art now almost forgotten. We mastered the keg and returned at dusk, loaded to our marks, filled with the refreshing brew, cool and sedative. How we slept that night in the old steerage of the *Chase*!

ON THE GREAT LAKES



ONE of the more obscure chapters of my adventures has to do with a period when I was far from salt water. I had spent a few months at home with my parents in Chicago, funds became low, and I was about to return to the coast when a bright idea struck me. It was midsummer, the midst of the Great Lakes passenger season, and I dropped into the office of the Goodrich Line and asked for a job.

The general manager, Mr. Thorpe, a very fine man, offered me a sort of special job, in the office, at night. This paid enough to prolong my stay at home, and at the same time gave me plenty of time to visit around during the day. The job consisted in getting the ticket-stubs from the ticket-booths in the office near the Randolph Street Pier and making a report on the sales for office use next day. The theory was that, as the ticket-booths would close at midnight, I would get the stubs and be comfortably employed until daybreak the next morning. For the first few nights this was the routine; then, becoming quite friendly with the ticket-sellers, I would drop in at ten, get their stubs, lay out the different kinds of tickets, drop in again at eleven and get the further sales, and again at twelve as they were closing. A simple straight-

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line formula, with the ticket prices and the ports, enabled me to close up my end of the job at about twelve-thirty without much trouble.

The work of book-keeping in the old-fashioned Goodrich Line offices, during the rush season, kept quite a few of the men at their desks as late as eleven o'clock. I found it a great experience to be with these men. The chief clerk, an elderly gentleman, always stood at a great desk, writing entries in longhand in huge ledgers; balancing columns of figures with methodical precision. To him the Goodrich Line was a religion. He never hurried, and left his desk reluctantly after a day that would have killed an ordinary mortal. I have a faint memory of having heard years later that he was run over while out on the strange streets, crossing before traffic with his head full of his beautiful columns of figures. At first this fine old man disapproved of me, but toward the end, as he lingered late, we got to be quite friendly. He was suspicious of my methods, but I convinced him they were accurate, and accuracy was one of his gods.

Another chap, a bustling energetic young man, was secretary of an organization often referred to by him. This was nothing less than the Arbutus Club. When he was compelled to

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stay after hours he burned up the company's 'phone attending to social duties, explaining his absence to numerous young women, and arranging for many functions and the like, always in course of being promoted by the celebrated Arbutus Club. This young man always sat in his shirt-sleeves, with bright-coloured garters on his arms, hitching his cuffs clear of his work, which consisted largely of copying figures from one book and entering them in another.

A tall fellow named Lincoln hailed from Michigan, and was signed on as a stenographer. He was not yet in the Arbutus Club, and in a way seemed to brood over the significance of his name, but this is probably as far as he got. Another chap, rather a dandy, second under the old clerk, was a dapper young fellow who had ambitions. He roomed in a dingy but eminently respectable private boarding-house near Wabash Avenue, and dined three times a week at a restaurant of the better sort, called The Élite. This young man was very precise in his use of words and had been to a college of learning. I have often wondered what the devil became of him.

One chap in the office who bubbled over with wit and anecdote was an ex-man-o'-warman named Clowry. I forget what he was doing, but

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he did keep us all on edge with tales of the wild doings of the fleet on the Asiatic station. His story of the attack on peaceful bluejackets about their business in a brothel at Hong-Kong, said attack being the foul work of British tars, filled many hours of our time, while the chief clerk worked away steadily, only a queer twitching of his old ears indicating his interest. Clowry, and a few other choice spirits, driven up a narrow stair, held this until the attacking force filled the steps below them. At this point, according to Clowry, one of his shipmates took a huge stove filled with burning coals and cast it into the midst of the enemy.

At the close of the season, Mr. Thorpe called me to him one evening as I reported for work, and spoke substantially as follows: 'Young man, you have served here with great satisfaction to the company. We would like to give you a trip. Would you care to go up to Milwaukee on our steamer *Christopher Columbus*?'

Needless to say, the invitation was thankfully accepted. I had expected to be fired, and the surprise was doubly welcome. He gave me two tickets, and endorsed thereon were the magic words 'Restaurant privileges' and his initials. 'Does this mean free meals?' I asked. 'Sure, order anything you want — have a good time.'

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I took my brother with me, then a student at the Chicago Art Institute, and endowed with a regulation appetite.

When well out in the lake (it was a fine snappy day of late summer), we breezed into the beautiful and expensive restaurant. Most of the excursionists carried lunch, and only the more prosperous patronized the restaurant, and most of these did so with great care in scanning prices. A huge figure of a man sat near us, having ordered his meal with reluctant slowness.

Then the waiter came our way, expecting an order of sandwiches. We started with fruit cocktails, chicken gumbo followed, and then we concentrated on a huge planked porter-house steak with onions, hash browned potatoes, and a liberal amount of the finest Milwaukee beer. In the end I slipped the coloured man my pass and very conspicuously handed him a dollar tip. He bowed, and we passed the stout man, eyeing us with envy.

‘Say, you fellers must be millionaires,’ he remarked respectfully.

AN OLD SHIPMATE



I HAVE in mind a shipmate who is still much the same as he was on the broad unencumbered deck of the old schoolship back in 1896. I will call him Captain Tryson. This is far from the right name of my friend. Facts have been altered a bit and incidents have been turned end for end, so that no one can truly say, 'Tryson is really Joe Smith,' or words to that effect. At bottom Tryson is practically every one of us, in part, at least. The schoolship is a safe starting-point; the mists of the past are kindly and obscure.

Tryson, when I joined the *St. Mary's*, was a curious boy, wonderfully energetic, alive to the teeming sensations that impinge upon us all. He could blow a silver bos'n's pipe with the shrillest perfection, and his voice had carrying quality. He was a petty officer, as many others were. I looked up to him with the admiration of one standing close indeed to knowledge. He knew every part of the ship, every rope, and was familiar with the great sea traditions that clung to the ancient wooden sloop-of-war.

Young Tryson was successful. He combined with his ability a rare quality of romantic appreciation. He always dressed to perfection, his

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uniform the pink of neatness, and he carried himself with bold assurance.

Tryson was always getting into scrapes and out of them. The scrape habit clung to him. He voyaged away after our initial cruise together. I heard of him and met him from time to time. He was an officer on many ships, and finally became a commander in steam.

Captain Tryson never lost his wonderful belief in romance. Women, to him, were romance. He became so enthusiastic in his quest for the elusive thing called love that he quite outbid himself. Being a man of tremendous experience, he applied every bit of his ability to the winning of a girl, when he finally decided to settle down for good.

'For six months,' he confided in me, 'I never allowed her feet to touch the ground. I spent a young fortune in cabs and taxis. She never had a dull moment while I was in port. I gave her the best presents I could buy here and abroad. I fitted her out with kimonos enough to last half a lifetime, and I wrote to her every day I was away. Things were fixed for our wedding before I sailed on a voyage to Japan. When I got back I sent her two bolts of silk, by a special messenger, before entering my ship. That noon I got a telegram saying she had just

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been married and was leaving for the East. She never told me her husband's name and I never got back the silk.' He smiled as he added, 'I could have used it, too, for I met a really nice girl a few days later at a church social.'

Captain Tryson remained as young as ever in spirit, but here and there evidences of wear began to show. He has always been a smart shipmaster afloat, but his faith in romance was unending. I once sat with him at a ringside table in a doubtful New York café. The pony ballet came on, and he pointed to the third girl from the left. 'A very sweet little woman,' he explained. 'She's working here saving money to finish at Vassar.'

She smiled at him, and the show went on. The proprietor came to our table and asked after the health of Captain Tryson. 'Know him? Say, I ought to own a few rows of bricks in this joint, if I had my dues.'

Tryson generally shipped on long voyages, and when he did get into port he was loose with his money. The same old smile, the same youthful belief in romance, the lure, the lights, the laughter, all were as effective with him as in those distant days when cover charges had not yet been invented. The graft gets harder as the years go on. Being a hell of a good fellow looks

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queer after a while. Owners have always recognized Tryson the seaman, but now and then some doubt may have come up as to his way of living. My own feeling always has been that he is the most honest and believing chap afloat.

The little girls who work so hard to make both ends meet the middle seemed to pick on Captain Tryson. He had never experienced a disaster at sea, but his career ashore was constantly skirting the edge of ruin. Finally, he proposed to a willing girl, and, after the show one afternoon, she became Mrs. Captain Tryson. Tryson made an allotment of his pay, a generous slice, and his ship cleared for a long voyage to the Orient.

On his return, so little remained of his payday, in ready cash, that he was unable to make the usual splash. His wife could not understand the situation. She was accustomed to much better things. She always thought Captain Tryson was a man of means 'by the way you spent money,' and, well, she simply could not comprehend. Within the next six months she obtained a divorce on the usual statutory grounds. Tryson was too worn out with the affair to put in a defence.

He's married again. His ex-wife's aunt, a widow, took pity on him. She is a woman some-

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what along in years, but still a few marks to leeward of Tryson, a good cook, a manager, and she hates the cabarets. Captain Tryson, still the child, has come home to his mamma, and his owners are now thinking of giving him their new ship when she launches next spring.

NAVIGATION



NAVIGATION is one of those all-embracing words capable of a half-dozen applications, hit or miss. The landsman seldom has the slightest notion of what it means, in its strict sea-going application. To the youngster going to sea, in the deck division of the business, it is the great barrier to preferment. A lad must have education and brains enough to become a navigator, or his way toward the bridge is for ever barred. In the old days when mutinies were still in vogue, the first question, among the mutineers, was that of having a navigator enlisted with the scoundrels. Hundreds of good sea stories hinge upon this vital point. 'After we take her, who can bring her into port?'

Navigation sets up an intelligence test for the men at sea. It demands a certain minimum of brains. The result has been that a great many men have become navigators and, finding the thing a science of tremendous fascination, they have perfected themselves, and have even extended their research into other fields. I have met poor grammarians who were good navigators, but I have never met a good navigator who was not an exceptionally intelligent man.

There are many 'captains' who are not navigators, who cannot locate themselves at sea,

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once out of sight of land and left to their own devices. It is the one science in which no margin whatever is left for the faker. You know your beans, or you do not. All of this brings us to the point where we may consider navigation as a great developer of character.

In almost every other profession a man may safely differ from his colleagues in many points of practice. One doctor will prescribe salts and another will advise, and even insist upon, pale pills. It makes little difference, or if it does, only one patient is killed at a time, and the doctor has a chance to name the cause of the disaster himself. The navigator, on the other hand, rides with the disaster, and he is certain to be definitely blamed if anything goes wrong and he survives.

It is an applied science full of thrilling situations, of action and of great glowing satisfactions, of rewards beyond the price-list on life's strange bill of fare. One of my cherished memories is a certain ex-meridian of the planet Jupiter, picked out of a rift in the clouds on a wild run south from Coronel to Cape Pillar. I had the mid-watch. We were bucking a sou'-wester, plunging into heavy seas, deep-laden with sugar and bunkers, and depending upon dead-reckoning for our position. This was on

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the old steamship *American*, Captain George McDonald, back in 1901.

According to our reckoning we were to the north of Pillar and would haul in for the western entrance of Magellan at daybreak. I picked off the star shortly after midnight. Calculations gave me Jupiter near the meridian. I worked the sight and got a latitude well south of our supposed location. I worked it again and called Captain McDonald.

'Work it again, Mister,' he advised.

'Same result, Captain.'

'That puts us mighty far south; off the shores of Desolation Island. Well? Well?' He thought a while and then changed course to the north-east. Just before daybreak we sighted the light winking dead ahead.

Perhaps, if we had not got the fix, we would have drawn in, heading south-east, after daybreak, running down toward a very foul and poorly charted coast, the weather rather hazy and seas high. Ships have done this sort of thing and have discovered rocks that have never been reported.

I was a tremendous enthusiast, in my youth, on the subject of navigation. John D. McDonald, now an admiral, was my first instructor in the science, on the old *St. Mary's*. I saw the

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smart navigators of the transatlantic lanes working as they do to-day. I served with a great navigator, the late Captain George Morrison, of the old steamship *Texan*, an old-timer who measured lunar distances and kept a navigation log that was a work of art. Once I got a bearing of the planet Mercury; we were off the coast of Brazil, and the old man was as pleased as if we had picked up a half-hundredweight of ambergris.

The adjusting of a magnetic compass was always a bugbear to the youngster at sea. Once I bought an old *Admiralty Manual* on this abstruse subject and nearly got brain-fever trying to understand it. One of our engineers, a first assistant who dabbled in the calculus, claimed he could follow the mathematics. 'But can you adjust a compass?' I asked, and he had to admit he could not.

New things have come into navigation; all are only new applications of the discovery of that immortal American shipmaster, Captain Thomas H. Sumner, who deduced the principle of the line of position in 1837, and published his great advance in navigation to the world. The world is dotted with monuments to men of far lesser fame.

HERBERT L. BRIDGEMAN



WE were sitting on the quarter-deck of the *Newport*; a full moon beamed and the steady trade-wind filled our sails. Over the side sounded the ripple of running water curving away from the bow. Boys were at the wheel, moving a spoke now and then to hold the vessel true, and the watch forward were clustered about the fiddle. It was delightfully mild and fresh, the night air seemed to caress the ship, to smooth away doubt. Dr. Bridgeman usually retired at nine, but the scene held him.

‘Whenever I have been away for a long period, expected changes and events have been overshadowed by unexpected happenings.’

His remark, called forth by some casual conjecture as to happenings back home, brought with it a train of reminiscence, long months spent in Greenland, long separations from his beloved Brooklyn while in Africa and other places.

Many of these perfect nights blended and blurred in the long succession of days on our passage westward. He seemed in a quiet, happy mood of retrospection. Sometimes he would sit for hours looking over the sea, his mind ranging beyond understanding. Again and again he spoke of the quiet life of his home, of his restful

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Sundays, reading with Mrs. Bridgeman, and of their faithful housekeeper, Anna, with them for years, and so careful in every detail of the home.

One of Dr. Bridgeman's duties, and a commission he performed with religious solemnity, was the presentation of letters from the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce to similar commercial bodies in the ports of our cruise. He had the great gift of giving his actions a significance and importance possible only to one who carries the old-fashioned art of courtesy to its highest point. And in all of his travels, in London and Antwerp especially, he would wear his trusty straw hat, rain or shine. Otherwise he was punctilious in his dress. In his frock-coat, with his Belgian order on his breast, he took station with the officers when we received our official visitors in Antwerp.

At Cadiz he remarked, 'My old straw hat is coming back into style.'

Dr. Bridgeman had another hat, a worthy companion to the straw. This was a battered grey felt with limp brim, used when off soundings at sea. The hat once had a remarkably narrow escape somewhere in the Pacific.

'I was on deck one windy night, coming

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home from Honolulu, when this hat was blown from my head,' he related. 'Next day I bought a cap from the barber for two-fifty, and then, when I got on the boat-deck again, I saw my friendly old hat lodged in a ventilator.'

'Well?' I remarked, for I scented a story.

'The barber wouldn't give me more than a dollar for that cap when I brought it back.'

He never hesitated to tell a joke on himself.

Of Peary, Bartlett, Borup, Marvin, and other Arctic friends, he had an endless story of reminiscence. I more than once urged him to set down his story of the background upon which Peary built up his series of great Arctic journeys.

'I shall have to do it. I must,' he said.

But then he had planned work enough for another lifetime. His name, standing for ever on the great cape at the extremity of north-east Greenland, placed there by Peary in honour of his tireless co-worker, was pointed out by me on occasions when foreign visitors were on board and the map of the North Polar regions was spread on the cabin table. I always suspected that Dr. Bridgeman liked to have me do this. It was the one bit of vanity I was able to uncover in a nature altogether unassuming.

He often spoke of the Psi U fraternity and

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of the fine influence of the Greek letter societies on college life. The influence of his early life as a student at Amherst carried with him to the end. With all his insight into the folly and wickedness of men, he held an abounding faith in ultimate human goodness. He had fought many hard fights, striking blows without fear, but his work never left a trace of bitterness. On occasion, if aroused, he could be forceful in expression, damning a thing without hesitation. He had never failed to do his part to uphold right when threatened by wrong. He would take a stand even against popular clamour and carry through.

The vigorous life of Dr. Bridgeman came to me in astonishing variety as we talked. At sea, weeks at a time, we discussed the problem of training boys. He came to be a great believer in the work of our schoolship; over and over again expressing his satisfaction in having made the cruise. He spoke of the future when the Empire State would have a fine schoolship equal to the Belgian ship *L'Avenir*, which we visited in Antwerp. One day he said suddenly, 'Our new ship should have a New York name. I would suggest *Excelsior*.'

His published letters convey his impressions of the ship better than words of mine. One

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point I noticed, and it was characteristic. On coming up from the officers' companion-way to the spar deck, he almost always walked forward among the boys. Groups of boys would form around him in the dog-watches, or when, as on a Sunday, we were not busy with work or drills. He was all over the ship, interested in every detail of her management, in every item of her equipment. He attended lectures on navigation, explored the engine-room, and watched the cooks preparing food in the galley. Whenever boys were aloft he would stand as if fascinated, watching them on the yards. His interest in the cadet paper, *The Binnacle*, prepared and printed on board by mimeograph, was that of a lover of newspapers. He intended to have copies of *The Binnacle* deposited in the State Library at Albany.

But the tale of twelve weeks of daily contact with a personality that gained in depth with every day is no easy task to set down. Only the merest outline may be conveyed to print. The colourful days in foreign ports, as in the tropic wonder of Madeira, where we lunched with the Blandys at Palheiro, and dined with Marconi on board the famous *Elettra*, stand out amid shifting impressions and events. When Marconi

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took us into his laboratory on the yacht, handing us a fresh shoot of news direct from London via the ether, Dr. Bridgeman secured his signature on the historic sheet, intending to present it to the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

At Tenerife he rose early, as we approached the island, to see the great peak rising over two miles from the sea. On our last Sunday ashore he accompanied us on a hike, the Consul at Tenerife, Mr. W. P. George, having arranged to take us through a picturesque portion of the island. We rode to La Laguna, inspected the University of San Fernando with its great library of ancient tomes. The Governor of Tenerife and the Regent of San Fernando headed a delegation of citizens to meet us. To Dr. Bridgeman they paid the deep respect due his years of honours.

We then went on to Tacaronte, where he pretended to be indignant because we insisted he stay with the automobiles while the Consul led us for a two-and-a-half-hours' tour of rough and rapid walking far along the coast to the famous well of Sauzal, where washerwomen sing at their work. While there is water in the well the village washes, even on Sunday, after early Mass.

'Well, I'll look out for the lunch,' he said at

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last, settling down to enjoy the shade of a dragon tree with a copy of *Brown's Guide* which he drew from his pocket. He never wasted a moment, it seemed. To him life was a thing to be used faithfully.

On our return he joined us at lunch, and when bottles of cool Pilsener were produced, great generous bottles, he laughingly poured out Poland water brought from the ship.

'I'm drinking from a bottle, anyhow,' he remarked.

When one of the boys started to take a picture of the party, I remarked that the Regent had better get out of range with so much evidence of empty beer-bottles about. He stepped from where he was and stood among the boys when the picture was taken, the beer-bottles about him as big as life.

On the day of his coming on board he presented his commission, engrossed on sheepskin, with the seal on it of the State of New York, asking me to note on it the fact of his arrival, and due entry was also made in the ship's log. He said then that he expected to leave the impressive document for his grandson, and hoped I would also enter on it the fact of the conclusion

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of his mission, as he wished the record to be complete.

He so conducted every day of his life that each day and each hour found him with the record brought to date and correctly balanced. He was an indefatigable worker; he never allowed his impressions of a place to cool before inditing his letters. During his last days, even the next to the last when he had a slight attack of stomach trouble, he kept remarkably cheerful. He left his berth on a Monday night at midnight and went on deck. His remark to Mr. Davidson, the chief engineer, was, 'I wanted to prove to myself that I could do it.' Then the doctor, Kelly, took him in hand and watched over him until the end. And the end was sudden and without pain. Life departed quietly, his face serene.

The passing of a soul from the earthly clay is a fearful thing, a heart-rending thing to witness, for those left behind. A transcendent spirit seemed to hover over us, but the realization that he was no longer to walk our decks, no longer to greet us in the morning, to yarn with us at night, filled the *Newport* with the grief that shipmates feel when a brave spirit has gone over the side.

Four bells had struck on deck. I looked at

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my watch, and it was fifteen minutes after six. Our position, pricked off on the chart by Mr. Bicknell, the navigator, was latitude 29 degrees, 44 minutes north; longitude 56 degrees, 32 minutes west.

GRAFTERS



THE doings of grafters often carry with them a certain comic quality as well as an offensive odour.

Of course the moralists want to have their grafters suffer. The thief must pay the price, etc. In the course of years I have failed to note any great distribution of punishments among the pilferers. Now and then one of them is cut down, but so are seemingly honest men. But, of course, grafters are crooks, and no one knows it better than their royal selves, and, sad to relate, they sooner or later come to have a terrible suspicion that the world at large also knows them.

A grafter assumes an aspect of painful propriety. The mention of the horrible word *graft* causes him to shudder. The breath of a suspicion of anything but the utmost integrity is simply anathema to him. He assumes a virtuous horror of such things, and all mention of dishonesty literally stinks in his nostrils. What such gentry think of themselves, in the privacy of their minds, is a question left for more competent analysis.

I once took over a ship in connection with which there had been a long succession of pilfering, of the most contemptible stealing. Bills

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were rendered with the provision of yards of red tape, affidavits, notary's seals, and the Lord knows what. The ship had an old-fashioned wooden ice-chest. She had sailed in July, and before me, in August, was a bill for fresh meat; meat that had supposedly been consumed. First I marvelled at the consumption. Men in the Arctic can get away with two or three pounds of meat a day, but boys in midsummer can hardly consume twice that amount.

I had the weight of meat totalled up, as per bills. Then I had a piece of meat and bone cut into a square one-foot cube, and weighed, and I converted the meat paid for into cubic feet.

An obliging lad helped me measure the cubic contents of the ice-chest and we found that almost twice as much meat had supposedly been put into it as it would hold, and, of course, no room for ice.

These operations were being watched with the greatest interest by a yellow-faced young man who operated as ship's steward. Daily, so I learned, he was in communication, by long-distance 'phone, with his superior ashore. Disconcerting conversations must have taken place. I made no effort to conceal my researches. Scales were ordered placed at the gangways, and all goods received on board were weighed and

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noted and entered in the ship's log-book, in ink, by a succession of quartermasters.

In the course of time we cruised up the Hudson. We passed a summer and winter resort called Sing Sing. I sent for the young man, a very nervous young gentleman, and pointed out the location. He had been talking largely about his political friends.

'That place,' I said, 'is full of fellows who once had political friends.'

The next morning (we were anchored off Kingston), the steward went ashore in the early market boat and never returned. He hadn't stolen a thing while I was on board, but he was very, very suspicious of my methods. What happened to him I don't know. I met him once walking Broadway, near Times Square. He still looked exceedingly suspicious, as do many others in that neighbourhood, and no one seemed to notice him.

This was a negligible grafter, rather a contemptible little soul, who took away from the rightful nourishment of growing boys to provide himself with extra spending-money.

Official grafters often work in pairs. One is the 'cover man,' or the inside manipulator, looking after the safety end; the other fellow 'sees' the trade or what not and attends the

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actual receipting of short-weight and poor quality goods, for which full prices have been paid. It is a small trade, fairly safe, and the cost is only self-respect, but the immediate gain, so it seems, is a vast amount of self-help, and a feeling of beating the world, etc., almost like the big grafters people are always reading about in the newspapers.

Having a scale and a trained corps of checkers, constantly being changed, and a remarkably better scale of living, it looked as if there was nothing to do but settle down to legitimate business with the ship. And this legitimate business was of considerable magnitude. This thought occurred to a butcher who must have figured that he might be satisfied with legitimate profits. He was willing, in fact, to give the people who consumed the meat what was being paid for, seeing he had no further graft to distribute. But, even after this, I suddenly decided he could do no more business. He called me on the telephone.

‘Can’t we talk this over,’ he asked, ‘man to man?’

After considering the matter for a week, I decided that we could. The big butcher, a political butcher too, by the way, came on board, and I found him a hearty chap. A regular

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citizen. All of the cabin doors were closed, it was late afternoon, and he told all, with a little urging. 'All about them dirty crooks.' Details — name, time, and place. We were very, very confidential.

Under the desk was a dictaphone. The executive officer and a stenographer were at the other end of the line taking down a transcript.

'This same little dict,' a young man had told me, as he rigged the device, 'sent a killer to the chair. Have a reliable witness, beside the stenog.'

I sent the transcript of the testimony to certain gentlemen and they got quite indignant, partly at me, I fear. But they did fire the inside man. I urged that they prosecute him and his assistant and put an end to that sort of grafting.

'No, we must have no scandal; we'll just fire him quietly.'

Worthy timid men. I still have the dictaphone sheet, the original record, an hilarious document of small comedy. But how some of these people do hate the harsh word *graft*.

THE 'ADMIRAL,' A.B.



WE were at a great university, a complex modern institution where thousands come to rub their wits against knowledge. It was no wonder that a certain attraction existed between us. The fact that this sailor man was in the law school, working for his B.L., gave him considerable standing. He was known simply as the 'Admiral.' But he made no pretence to being anything but a seaman, and, I judged, a seaman of very extraordinary experience. He had a wayward look, a far-off gaze of discernment. Becoming a lawyer must have been easy for him; at once I suspected that he must have been a 'sea lawyer' in his time. But this is not set down against the man. His cleverness helped him, and some day may help others. Always, so I have felt, he would help himself to the things men strive for. Of course he worked, worked hard, and at times he knew how to enjoy himself.

After a few years, meeting here and there on the campus, we established a friendship. It was never intimate, but it was below the surface of things. I might mention a port, and he would say just the few words necessary to a complete picture, the little phrase that told me he had been there. We sometimes talked of ships, just

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a word or so, and often we both hailed some craft mutually known. Only when it came to talking of men – well, we just never talked about them. I never got the hang of his voyages, or the flags he had sailed under. I never tried to find out anything about him. He was much of a talker, but a very careful man who always stopped short of revelation.

Once, after a bit of a party – we had beer in those days and hard liquor too – the law student seemed to light up with an unusual lack of reserve. He told story after story. A ship-master friend had come up to my room, and the Admiral dropped in. In a way he delighted in the awe inspired by his presence in a great university.

A few evenings later he dropped in on me. 'Say, old man, did I talk a lot last night?' he asked.

'Well, you talked enough.' I was a bit short. He had been a good deal of a bore, after a while.

'I'm so damn scary about letting out on these studes, I sort of let go when that skipper friend of yours was up here. A man's got to let go once in a while.'

After that I saw very little of the Admiral until late in the spring of his senior year. We gave a big blow-out in the dormitory, a huge

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surprise party, smoker, kegs of beer, and songs, and on the programme was a very mysterious notice: LOOK OUT FOR MADAME X.

Women were forbidden in the dormitories, except under certain strict rules, and of course at night. All blinds were down, curtains were pulled in the main hall, and at midnight the mysterious Madame X was announced. She was escorted to the centre of a small stage and conducted herself rather well, for a time, singing and dancing and lifting her skirts almost to her knees.

The Admiral, always somewhat of a lime-lighter, had said that he knew her. Up in one of the rooms he was being dressed in the elaborate evening gear of a reckless son of wealth, tall silk hat and all that goes with conventional dress. Also, so we learned later, he was being liberally primed with liquor.

As the Madame X performance was becoming more and more *risqué*, the Admiral was ushered into the hall. He was pushed forward. 'There she is now — look at her, Admiral.' She was carrying on in a most unladylike way.

'Why, Joe!' She called to him by name.

'B'gosh, she does know him.' Students, the most unsophisticated beings on earth, began to cheer. Urged by many hands, the Admiral

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rushed at the voluptuous creature, and she hugged him, and then, whisking off a wig, we saw a rather hard-faced mutt of a man, and the next instant the impersonated Madame X lifted the Admiral under the seat with a very effective kick. The howl that went up was tremendous. He disappeared in the rumpus, and I saw him no more for over a month.

'Say' — he met me in the hall. It was just before graduation. 'I'm going to tell you something, but never say a word around here.' He hauled me into his room, and we sat down. 'I've had a hell of a time the last month, but now I'm out of the woods and I'm going to tell you about it. That damn party got up to the faculty, and some short skate put a job up on me, and, well, they got it all wrong. But I'm through now, I get my law and my arts degree.'

'Arts degree?' I was curious. He needed that, so I understood, as a prerequisite to getting into the law school. 'You're a Bachelor of Arts already.' I then wondered. Never, in our curious friendship, had he said a word about previous collegiate schooling; yet he was in the great and stringent law school.

'Well, yes, I am now,' he said. 'That's the story.'

I thought he was rather sober, in every way.

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After a little while he told me this: "Some wise guy got to looking into my record, before coming here. They were rather keen, at first, about getting me, a seafarer, in the law school. Well, one of them put his finger on the name Essex. "What college is called Essex?" It was the place I was supposed to have graduated from. They looked up the million or more colleges, and dammit, they never found one by that name. So the inside gang called me up. I'd put in three years in law and was doing better than others, and of course that's not saying much.

"Mister," they said, "where is this Essex College, where you took your arts course?"

"Essex? That's no college," I sent it back at them fast.

"Sir," they were getting damn polite, "you state in your application for admission to the law school that you have taken your A.B. from Essex."

"Correct, and here it is," and I pulled out my A.B. discharge from the British ship *Essex*. "As good a piece of legal paper as any I know of." I handed it to them. "Your requirement says an A.B. is necessary to entrance; well, gentlemen, here it is."

"For a week I thought they would fire me. But they are very cagy here. Perhaps they

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looked up the law about A.B.'s and figured they'd better let me stay. I took extra work, got boosted along here and there, and I'm getting both of my tickets, and so I am now an Able Seaman, A.B., and an Arts Bachelor, A.B., a sort of double-barrelled A.B. Have a drink, will you?' And we did.

The Admiral graduated with his double degrees. I was walking across Twenty-third Street, west of Fifth Avenue, one day, looking around, when the Admiral stepped out of the doorway of an old mansion, apparently closed. 'Hello,' I said.

'Hello, yourself.' He looked very shabby, but happy. I knew he was living a free life.

'What are you doing in there?' I asked. Of course it was none of my business, but he seemed to invite the inquiry.

'Oh, I represent the estate — on the premises. So long, old man,' and he hurried toward Sixth Avenue. It was almost supper-time and he was probably bound for some red-ink table d'hôte.

A.B. and A.B. A distinction with not much of a difference.

THE OLD CHIEF ENGINEER



IN 1923 a retired naval officer, living at the Army and Navy Club, went over the side of this old tub, Earth, and a few very intimate friends remained behind to mourn his departure. This was Commander Clarence H. Mathews, U.S.N. He had never married, but in a very definite way he had merged himself, body and soul, with a ship. This union of a serious man with the boilers and engines of a ship may seem far-fetched, but an examination of the situation leaves but one conclusion. Mathews was married to the U.S.S. *Newport* by bonds that nothing in this life could sever. Few men are ever as consistently faithful to their wives. The old chief was loyal and true in thought and deed. He seldom slept away from her; his bed, his board, and his soul — all were part of the ship and her engines.

Mathews had a brilliant career in the Navy. He was of the famous class of 1881, 'the class that fears no reverses,' as he was fond of saying. He chose engineering as his branch of naval life and served in many ships. He was in Samoa at the time of the great typhoon, attached to the U.S.S. *Trenton*. Step by step he rose until he became chief engineering officer of the swift U.S.S. *Columbia*. Then one of those queer

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things happened that sometimes change the direction of our lives. A medical board examined him and gave him but six months to live. He was promptly retired out of the service in which he had burned himself up.

'Drink a little red liquor, whenever you feel like it,' one of the medical board had advised kindly. Mathews followed this advice, he followed it consistently and for many years; he always drank like a gentleman, and, strange as it may seem, outlived by many years all of the learned medical board that had condemned him.

Commander Mathews, because of his great technical ability, could not be allowed to remain idle. He became general inspector of machinery at the Babcock and Wilcox works at Bayonne. He was employed at many jobs of a responsible and scientific nature, jobs demanding knowledge and integrity. But he always longed for the sea, for ships, for the feel of engines. Also, the six months of his life had passed, and another and another six months went by, and he was still very much alive. It was then that Mathews was offered an appointment as chief engineer of the *Newport*, on duty as the New York State schoolship.

Mathews had been in the ship nine years

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when it became my fate to command her. He had served and suffered under varying conditions. Also he had grown grey in the job, and wise, and philosophical. For years he had never mentioned 'the class that fears no reverses.' It was a time when one queer skipper followed another. Mathews kept close to his engines, instructed his boys in the ancient fundamentals of steam, and growled, to his very few intimates, in the privacy of his cabin. But he was always on the job.

A skipper who electrified the ship, with trick catches on double and treble doors, was succeeded by a rare old bird who often lost his bearings when in liquor. Then an estimable man, queer in the head, occupied the after cabin. This worthy lay in his bunk with a game leg swung from straps depending from the deck-beams overhead. The three of them were also retired naval men, seeking a bit of added pay, but unfit for sea service. After these worthies followed some merchant mariners. A new uniform was devised for the chief engineer, a neat thing trimmed with two and a half stripes of silver braid. He was given the choice of wearing this abortion, or of quitting his wife, the ship.

Terrible times had come, and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the new captain

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lived aft and said, 'Let there be no mention of the Navy,' and there was none.

In the cabin of the old chief hung his honourable service gear, his best uniform with its three full stripes of gold, and its insignia, and many second- and third- and fourth-best outfits, many of them stained with the marks of usage at sea and below. A few of the very old, old friends came to see him while he was in port, friends who would retire to his little sitting-room and office, after dinner, and drink a friendly glass of liquor, and sigh over old times. On such occasions, being off duty, he would, as a courtesy to his guests, wear his Navy best, the three broad stripes of gold.

And, in the course of time, as one skipper followed another, I stepped over the white gangway one warm August morning in 1917.

The complement was mustered. Orders were read, and the command became mine. That night the chief engineer came to the cabin.

'Everything secure in the engine-room, sir.'

'Thanks, chief.' He hesitated a moment. 'Sit down, Mathews.' He took a cigar - we were casual friends, as I had met him many times at alumni dinners and the like. 'Where in the name of hell did you get that uniform?' I asked.

'Regulations.' He went to a pigeonhole in the desk and pointed to a purple-covered pamphlet. Evidently the chief had had the thing pulled on him many times; he knew just where to pick it.

'Forget them, chief. Get into your regular uniform and chuck that costume overboard. Have you any medals?' I asked.

He had a few, nothing to brag about nowadays, but a good set for 1917. 'All right, chief, wear your ribbons.

'And, chief, remember, we have no liquor on board, Daniels' orders. Not a drop.'

'Not a drop, captain?' He looked at me queerly.

'Never let anyone see you take a drop of liquor on this ship,' I advised.

The old chief got back into uniform and sat at the port end of the ward-room table, his three stripes shining like the piston rings of Saturn. On the night of the tenth anniversary of his service as chief engineer, we gave him a dinner. After he had been in the ship eleven years he resigned. I had relinquished the command some five months before this event and met Commander Mathews in New York, living at his Club.

He seemed like a lost soul. His darling

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engines, as was afterward found out, were literally rotting through the incompetence of the smart actor who had taken his place, and his interest in life was gone. He revived a bit when the famous class of 1881 went to Japan as guests of a Nippon admiral who was their classmate, but this was only a temporary lift. I saw him on the return from this jaunt; all he talked about was the *Newport*.

'Captain, did you know I had liquor on board?' he asked me.

'Of course I knew it, chief. But not until after I left the ship.'

The old engineer kept his bottle in a rubber boot, and on one occasion when my wife was on board he showed her his pet stock of rye.

He passed suddenly, and among his true friends were just a few who felt the beauty and the tragedy of his love for a little ship. In the Navy he was well known among the older officers. At sea to-day are hundreds of youngsters who remember him with respect and affection, young engineers who owe their start to his teaching.

SHIP'S DOCTORS



I WAS smoking a pipe once with a man named Pink who was second mate on a tramp lying a few berths over from the s.s. *Texan*. We were in Seattle, and the visitor complained bitterly of the job performed on him by a ship's doctor. His left wrist had been broken and repaired, and, as the man stated, 'I can't lift a decent glass of beer with it.' He was left-handed, and bitter. 'That quack was surgeon of a little passenger pot and came over to us in a boat when the old man signalled. You'd think we was rotten with plague the way he stepped on board in his gold-trimmed uniform. Yes, he fixed me, all right.'

I gathered the injury had been put in splints, and that the tramp steamer, receiving orders from Hilo to Puget Sound, left the next day with the victim.

Ship's doctors have received very little credit for their work; general distrust seems to have penetrated their hides. Memories of sea surgeons float down the drift of my experience, men of mystery, cold, unsympathetic, men who once dreamed of fashionable practices ashore perhaps, of boys standing at their palatial office doors, boys with brass buttons, of fat fees, and of a rich turnout waiting ready at the kerb. 'It takes a lot of money to get a start in the busi-

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ness,' one remarked to me regretfully, years later, when I attained rank enough to talk to a ship's doctor in a familiar way.

Dr. Marsteller, of the *St. Mary's*, schoolship, was a navy surgeon, a disillusioned old grey-haired cynic, a medical man of extraordinary penetration. It was a time when doctors were still 'doctors,' and not 'captains,' 'admirals,' and the like. It was a practical age of powerful cathartics, skin-peeling tinctures of iodine, and nauseous draughts of medicine given in large practical doses. Few reported at sick-call on the old schoolship unless driven by necessity. The 'Binnacle List,' under old Dr. Marsteller, was limited to boys who were absolutely sick. If a boy was not thoroughly sick when he reported, he was soon in that condition. Recoveries were generally rapid and permanent.

As I vision the old doctor after many years, I see a man who mixed his medicine with large doses of human understanding. When complaints came to him, via the executive, as to our provisions, he ate heartily of doubtful pea-soup. 'Prime. I pronounce it prime,' he said.

Salk junk, smelling a bit high, simply called for the remark:

'Boil it well — *before eating!*'

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Old Dr. Marsteller got even with a world that kept him at sea.

Young Kirby-Smith followed Marsteller. He was a very pale young man, just out of medical school. At sea he was constantly racked by a stomach unaccustomed to motion. He used such scientific instruments as the clinical thermometer, and counted pulses. Old Marsteller took temperatures by placing his hand on a boy's forehead and got the pulse-beat by looking in his eyes.

Kirby-Smith soon was doing a thriving business. The sick-bay overflowed, the berth-deck had hammocks slung for the chronic cases. One, a youngster, who took out the thermometer and warmed it over a bulkhead lamp while the busy doctor made his morning round, was suddenly cured by the executive. He had been one of Dr. Kirby-Smith's most puzzling cases. The holy-stone and hand-swab seemed to do wonders for him.

Dr. Kirby-Smith, pale, thin, serious, fades out of the picture; a young medical man not in love with the sea.

Lloyd-Parker was always known as 'Surgeon'. Lloyd-Parker, and in every way he was a credit

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to that famous ship, the splendid new Atlantic greyhound, the *St. Louis*.

If Lloyd-Parker did not marry money, as so many fine-looking officers did in those simple days, it was no fault of his appearance. He was decorated with the Order of St. Louis, after the Spanish War. The whole thing had a delightful atmosphere of Old World dignity. The 'order,' a brilliant star, was worn about the neck on a coloured ribbon, as I was told, and went well with social evening dress, gleaming on an expansive shirt-front. Only three men were decorated with the order. One was the skipper, Cap'n Randle, the other was a Navy file, old Cap'n Goodrich, I believe, and the third was none other than Surgeon Lloyd-Parker.

A few disgustingly common officers, 'Mates' they call them on Government papers, stated, on the bridge, that the orders were designed and paid for by Dr. Parker and generously conferred by himself, and on himself and the others, at a very exclusive little dinner at the Holland House. No one liked the quack.

I have come to look upon Lloyd-Parker with a feeling of admiration. He lived in a cruel world. Once a week it was his unpleasant duty to dine in the second cabin saloon, sitting at the head of that mediocre table. A reliable steward

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once told me he maintained a very dignified manner during those dinners, attending not more than one a voyage. Probably the baggy-kneed men and the jolly middle-class second cabin women were glad enough it was only one. Few, if any, got sick in the second cabin, barring such messy things as births, now and then. And the awful steerage, the truly prolific and unfortunate '*lower clawses*' – Surgeon Lloyd-Parker saw them in the dispensary, if serious. Otherwise the doctor's steward administered relief.

But the doctor was a dandy with the girls. His uniforms were as fine as those worn by the skipper. His two gold stripes, separated by a significant band of crimson plush, gave him a hint of dangerous adventure, and his smooth high-coloured face, his moustache coming to level waxed points, and his monocle, made him a very desirable man indeed; in fact, a man who could safely be invited anywhere. He knew many of the right people and was most careful in extending his social acquaintanceship ashore.

Dr. Alehouse was a victim of circumstances. Once he confided to me to the extent of a three-hours' confession, telling a story of horror in which vindictive women pursued him, winning

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alimony, administering tongue-lashings, and otherwise subjecting him to such indignities as few men can stand and remain ashore. Alehouse, M.D., shipped out where the women would have difficulty to follow.

But the simple man made a mistake. His conscience, a delicate sense, also put off to sea with his corporeal bulk, and for long hours he lay in torture in his bunk, reviewing the past, weeping over the wreck of his life and framing huge mental scrolls of elaborate resolutions to be used when ashore. He became melancholy, and for days at a time reported himself sick. Heavy weather favoured him, and his gloomy indisposition resulted in a definite retirement from duty. He lay in his narrow bunk, like a small whale, unable to move. He refused food, and great glistening tears dripped down the side of his rather florid nose.

But, like most things, heavy weather comes to an end, and Dr. Alehouse, by a supreme effort, left his bunk and sat at the table, holding on to a stanchion. The ocean was as smooth as the Biblical sea of glass. The doctor, grasping the stanchion with enormous strength, rolled slowly from side to side in the steady ship; his swing was slow, deliberate, as if his metacentric height had been reduced to almost nothing. At

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times it looked as if he would completely capsize of his own rotation.

He had a painful interview with the captain after this performance, and looking the skipper in the eye, he lied like a gentleman.

'I never touch a drop of liquor; never even smell it,' he declared.

'But, doctor, your breath is unwholesome; it reeks of alcohol. Perhaps you are fermenting inside.'

'Can you smell it?' he asked simply.

'Across the cabin.'

'Well, sir,' he confessed slowly, 'I thought I fixed that with a deodorant I compounded.'

'Where do you keep the stuff?' the skipper asked. He liked old Alehouse. The man was lovable in spite of his rascality.

'You'll find the empties behind the bunk. I ran out of my grain liquor. Captain, I hear you have liquor for emergencies. Can you let me have a snifter? I'm perishing.'

Poor old Alehouse. He had so many admirable qualities, so many lovable simplicities, it was a pity he could not keep on a more even keel. The case was handled with consideration, and for a few years he was happily ashore, living with a little woman who liked to have him around.

SHIP'S DOCTORS

Dr. Youngmason, a name by which even his wife would fail to identify him, put out to sea to save the world for democracy. While intent upon this job, he also had an eye on the main chance. He was a Naval Reserve doctor, under Navy pay, and was assigned to a State schoolship. There are three of them; take your choice. On the completion of his cruise, in the patriotic duty of chastising imperial governments from the safety of Long Island Sound and adjacent coastal waters, he applied to the State authorities for the compensation on their budget, payable to a surgeon. He proved, legally, that he had been said surgeon, and collected double pay. Not bad for a doctor who rode the waves, slept in his bunk soundly while a ship was preserved from destruction, and then was paid a wage greater than that of the soul-scarred skipper.

This is set down to show the utter comedy of the sea.

Dr. Youngmason had married just previous to his cruise, an admirable lady who joined him at a port of repair. Her abundance of silk and satin garments, in pale blues, greys, and pinks, and in shimmering white, proved the envy of less fortunate wives. In the course of time the dreadful truth came out. She had been in the

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undertaking line previous to marriage, and when liquidating her mortician business she had left over many yards of unused coffin lining.

Whether the doctor met her in a business way, whether the end of his efforts, in some manner, contributed to the beginning of hers, no one can say. It also is one of the truly terrific incidents of the sea. And yet I had a wholesome respect for this far-sighted physician. He did much to save the life of a fine boy, a lad now at sea as an officer.

The awful nostalgia of a few weeks of separation from his wife almost killed him. The homecoming reaction, when he disappeared in the maze of the city, lost to men and to the knowledge of his captain, must remain a terrible memory.

The ship's doctor has always had a rough deal by fate, with compensations here and there.

One admirable doctor set himself up in business as an atheist, and spent hours arguing with visiting clergymen. It was a pleasant diversion. He was a God-fearing man with a wife and two children and never looked, non-professionally, at anything above the knee.

Another doctor was a millionaire many times

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over. He served without pay, made no claims for recognition, owned no uniform or sword, and apparently cured his cases by hypnosis. Queer fellows, these seagoing medicos.

CAPTAIN THOMAS J. TURNER



THE *Suduffco*, which left Port Newark on March 13, 1926, bound for San Francisco via Panama, has not been heard from. She has been abandoned by the underwriters and all losses paid. Twenty-eight men who sailed that day, on a regular trading voyage, have made their port beyond the charted seas. The ship sailed under command of Captain Tom Turner, one of the ablest master mariners at sea.

It is almost useless to speculate on the cause of this disaster. It was not carelessness, or incompetence in any ordinary sense. The sea simply overcame the ship. Another vessel was posted at Lloyd's, and the great bell tolled in London.

Captain Turner, tall, lean, weathered, genial, was the typical Yankee seaman. As a boy he lived in Nantucket and at the age of fifteen ran away to sea on board a whaler.

When I first knew him and was shipmates with him, he was a watch officer on the *St. Louis*, a smart, active officer with the splendid bearing and style of those great old days when Randle and Passow commanded on the Western Ocean. Mr. Turner was liked by us youngsters because of his fairness. He was a scholarly man, alert, and polished, a typical liner officer; a keen

CAPTAIN THOMAS J. TURNER

navigator, and an accomplished seaman. During the Spanish-American War he served on one of the American liners and was decorated by Congress for bravery, having taken part in the gallant rescue of the crew of the burning *Cristobal Colon*.

For twenty-three years Mr. Turner served in the American Line, rising slowly in the difficult service of the Atlantic. Step by step he went up, years between promotions, until, in 1915, he was Chief Officer of the s.s. *New York*. Then an unusual thing happened. Mr. Turner was senior chief officer of the Line. A command became vacant, and for some reason unknown, he was passed over, and another officer received promotion. Mr. Turner immediately resigned.

Shortly after this I met him. He had at once received a command, the s.s. *Sherman*. 'I should have taken this step years ago,' he said to me. I was on board his ship at the Bush Docks.

When we entered the World War, Captain Turner was commissioned a lieutenant commander, and still in command of the *Sherman*, he took her to the Dalmatian coast, the first American transport ship to reach those waters.

After the war he commanded the s.s. *Steele*,
Steele

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and later on took employment with the Transmarine Corporation, commanding a number of their ships.

There was romance in the life of Captain Turner. Like so many officers in the American Line, he married an English girl, and when the news dispatches told of his loss they mentioned the fact of survival by his wife and a daughter, then a senior at Barnard College. Miss Marjorie Turner has written me, in answer to my letter of sympathy:

‘My father was a splendid navigator of the old school, as you probably know, and had never had an accident with a ship. He bought a farm in Holms, Dutchess County, New York, last year, and hoped to retire to it very shortly.’

The last touch, the sailor looking forward to honourable retirement with his family, the final hope. Then the relentless sea wiping away another ship, and the names of Captain Turner and his men added to the long list of the missing; missing at sea, in the performance of their duty.

I recall the voyage on which Mr. Turner was married. The years peel back with a clarity almost miraculous as I see the young officer with his three stripes, walking back and forth on an immaculate bridge, a ready smile on his keen

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face, tanned to brick-red by the sun and wind. He was blond, blue-eyed, and smiling.

He was always considerate in a service where consideration often gave way to strict necessities. In the wheelhouse or on the bridge, on winter nights, he had more than a passing thought for the comfort of the men under him. And he was always ready with a joke or a pleasant word or two when he came to the bridge. But Tom Turner was as strict a man as ever conned a course, and had the Yankee seaman's knack of biting sarcasm, and could step things up, when occasion demanded, in true old American Line style.

Gradually they are being piped to the side, the final shoving off. Captain W. A. F. Smith, 'Alphabetical' Smith, we called him, once shipmates with Turner in the old Line, dropped dead at his Bridge Street office, the two shipmates of old days going over very close together. Brewster is gone, Shackford and Passow are no more, Randle is dead, and the roll-call, as the watch musters, somewhere off soundings, finds them with the great seamen of the past. These men have earned their watch below.

IN ROTTEN ROW



THIRTY years ago, in 1896 to be exact, I visited Erie Basin with an old sailor, a Mr. Evans, going over to Brooklyn on the Hamilton Ferry. Taking a horse car, we dragged along the waterfront to the Basin. We then walked to Rotten Row. Here was a string of wooden sailing ships, old hulks in advanced stages of decay, lower and often topmasts standing, old figure-heads, with paint peeling, showing under tilted bowsprits; hemp rigging white from the weather, cat heads, old-fashioned anchors, and blistering decks, seams wide with neglect; the picture is jumbled in my mind, indistinct as I draw my memory back to that day, yet tremendously impressive as a whole, like an old etching. Mr. Evans said that most of those neglected craft were ships driven off the seas by the *Alabama*, ships that had come to port thirty years before and were slowly rotting away.

I remember some old shipkeepers on those vessels. Perhaps these men were squatters, finding shelter in the ancient cabins, living the end of their lives in the dying ships. Often I have regretted that I did not go back there again and gain more information of the names and stories of those ships in Erie Basin. Probably records have been kept by the ship-repair people who

IN ROTTEN ROW

finally broke up those vessels. Erie Basin has become a tremendous place in the last quarter-century. It began its awakening with the passing of Rotten Row.

The old ships had a smell about them, something inherent in salt-saturated wood, in old oak and seasoned pine when it begins disintegration. It is so different from the final breaking up of metals. Rust is so eloquent of human neglect. The decay of wood is something that man can only stave off for a time; in the end nature tires, and wood goes back to its component elements. But wood is of surprising endurance, and those old hulks, weather-beaten as they were, might be there to-day if the growth of the Basin had not demanded their snug berths.

We climbed on board several of the old ships, Jacob's ladders depending from the mizzen channels, and were allowed to wander about the scarred decks. Everything of value had long been carried off. Boats that still remained were useless. Pumps were still workable and occasionally rigged, ancient back-breaking engines demanding the utmost effort for the slightest service. Capstans with wooden barrels; galleys lashed to the decks; forecastles under the main deck, dark holes into which we crawled that day,

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smelling dens – the old ships told a great deal of the old sea.

Mr. Evans had been at sea in craft of that type as a boy and had served his time in the Navy during the Rebellion. He talked of the old ships lovingly. As I remember him he was a man of very few words, but of tremendous reservations. He conveyed the feeling of always withholding information.

‘I don’t think I’d better tell you about that voyage,’ was the way he wound up a statement that he’d been a hundred and eighty days from New York to Singapore.

We were examining an old scuttle butt on one of the decaying wind wagons.

‘No, I better not dwell on that, better not discourage you, son. They got iron tanks now for water, and have plenty of it on hand at all times.’

I was a boy then, on the old *St. Mary’s*, and headed for sea. Mr. Evans gradually let it be known that his experiences had been along the lines of extreme thirst.

After walking about, climbing over many bulwarks, looking at old rigging, handling the spokes of creaking wheels, peering into blind binnacles, and generally wondering about the ancient hulks, we reluctantly went ashore.

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Outside of the Basin we stopped in a saloon. It had been a warm day in late autumn. Mr. Evans, after his third large glass of draught beer, turned to me.

'Son, thirst is a terrible thing.' I can see him yet, wiping the white fringe of foam from his grey moustache, his eyes looking very watery with the thought of his suffering.

After the fourth and fifth glasses of beer, Mr. Evans said something about trouble on board before they sailed. 'Some bastard put a few pounds of salt into all the water barrels below the top tier. Must of done it when they stowed the ship. We suffered hell when the time came, and if curses is heard, if they can be heard, some one has been paid back for that.' He thumped his last glass on the bar. 'No, I never take more than six drinks at a time.' He finished his half-dozen of cool lager and we took the car to Hamilton Ferry. He kept muttering low curses under his breath.

Then we walked to Hester Street, the original object of our business, and Mr. Evans bought me a nice new-looking pilot jacket, recently hocked by a jack tar and sold to us for five dollars. It had large flat buttons with a circle of stars and an anchor pressed into the rubber.

'Some hard-up jackie parted with that for

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two dollars' – Mr. Evans was an expert in such matters – 'and I never pay more than five.'

The Hester Street merchant hauled us back as we started down the street. 'Vell, den – take idt.' His original demand had been ten dollars.

Old ships, a pilot jacket, and a thirsty reminiscent mariner mingle in the memories of thirty years ago.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ OF THE
'GUADALHORCE'



THE little Spanish barque, the *Guadalhorce*, ran to the eastward, homeward bound, toward Las Palmas, Grand Canaria, with a cargo of petrol in steel drums, and two American automobiles securely lashed on her main deck. Captain Jesus Garcia Cortez, master mariner, walked to windward on a sloping, tilting deck, smoking his long mild 'Martin Lasa,' a cigar rolled from the most fragrant tobacco, lifting a keen eye to windward and at the singing wake astern. They fared in the counter trades, hurrying toward the Azores, to pass those islands to the southward, pick up the first fresh beginnings of the N.E. trades and sail down by green Madeira, by the lonely Salvages, and make the blue Canary Isles in twenty to twenty-five days.

What if the *Guadalhorce* is old? One would never know it, never. She was launched in the port of Majorca in the Balearic Isles in the last century. Let this information suffice, as regards her age. Underwriters do not pry into her secrets; her owners, Bosch y Sintas, lovingly and with great faith and wisdom, insure her themselves. An inquiring man might guess that at least fifty years have passed over the truck of her mainmast, and no one can tell how many

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miles of blue water have washed her keel, or how many tons upon tons of cargo have rested safely in her hold. Her main hatch has paid the owners handsomely.

She is a stout oak ship, coppered and well found, one of the last of the merchant traders. Her master, Captain Cortez, goes into the market with his cargo and sells on account of the owners, then she sails westward, through the trade winds, carrying Tenerife potatoes and the luscious onions of those Fortunate Isles. These he takes to San Juan, sells, and sails again for New York, in ballast, a few tons, hoisted in and out by the crew. Then the captain draws against his letter of credit, buys a cargo, for cash, in New York, clears and sails again toward home.

In a world gone crazy with efficiency, is there anything more efficient than this? The *Guadal-horce* does not stagger under an immense burden of overhead expenses piled up ashore. She don't beg and bargain for cargoes. She is not the soft bird to be plucked by sharpers on the shore. The independence and style of Captain Cortez are amazing. He steps ashore, over the immaculate gangway, down past two bronze hands through which the manropes pass. He swings a Malacca cane and is dressed in the best fashion of Madrid, and that is the best fashion in the

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world. His keen face, kindly brown eyes, the deep sea tan of his complexion, and the easy swing of his walk, mark him a man of distinction and discrimination. He is lean and tall, like the great Conquistadore. Indeed, he was once master in the Spanish Royal Mail; now he is an even more important man, one of the last of the great company of merchant master mariners.

The anchors of the *Guadalhorce*, with their wooden stocks, are snug against the bill boards, hanging from cat heads, carrying the ancient image of the cat carved on them. Across the galley is the beam with its dragon heads, always reminding the 'doctor' of the dignity of his profession. Along the sweep of the waist Spanish sailors work at their jobs, and talk. They are of a race of seamen far more ancient than ours. They smoke and yarn and look across their sea. These men have probably never heard of the Ku Klux Klan, those local hicks who owe their farms and jobs to men of the Latin blood, men who first had courage to cross the unknown Ocean Sea. As in those days, so to-day, on the *Guadalhorce*, a picture of the Virgin Mary hangs in the cuddy house above the companion to the cabin. At night bearded men cross themselves when forks of lightning flash over the ship and light the picture; it is *faith*, not *fear*.

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It was on a warm Saturday afternoon that I last called on my friend, Captain Cortez. The little cabin was cool, with a breeze coming through the skylight from across the Hudson. He was then at the foot of West Seventy-ninth Street. We were discussing a bottle of Tafira Baja, a golden wine. The Latins, you know, are exempt from some of the false restrictions we have imposed upon ourselves by laws we delight to break.

Señora and Señorita La Fuente, charming Spanish ladies, talked with us. Alphonso Morilla, first official, and Ramon Ramirez, second official, young sailor officers, came into the cabin. In a way, of course, this occasion was ultra-exclusive. We talked of books, for Captain Cortez is a scholar who delights to read the works of English-writing authors. His shelves on the forward bulkhead of the cabin hold many books. *The Medici*, by Young, in two stout volumes. Conrad's *The Rover*, David Bone's *Broken Stowage*, Marryat's *The King's Own*, Wassermann's *Gold*, in translation. *Christopher* by Sir Oliver Lodge. Russel's *In Dark Places*, Morley's *Where The Blue Begins*.

We talked of books and of our mutual friend, Christopher Morley. Captain Cortez brought out Arthur Mason's *Flying Boson*; he had just

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come back from a visit with Mason in Connecticut. The famous painter Aylward knows the *Guadalhorce*, indeed she has been visited by many. Once a Vanderbilt stepped on her deck; his huge yacht was parked close by. He did not get to know Captain Cortez; the Cortezes and the Vanderbilts, you know, are separated by many centuries, but something he could not exactly define, the ship itself, called him to her deck.

As I looked at the young second mate, Ramon Ramirez, I thought of that black cluster of rocks far to the south, off Cape Horn; Diego Ramirez, named, perhaps, after one of his forbears.

A rain squall was making up. We left the ladies La Fuente to be entertained by the young officers, and Captain Cortez and I stepped ashore for luncheon at the Columbia Club. He is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished guests ever received within its walls, only no one but myself knows it; Captain Jesus Garcia Cortez, of the Spanish barque *Guadalhorce*, suspects it least of all.

NARRATIVE OF THE GENTLEMANLY BOARDER



It was about a year ago that an urgent telephone call brought me to a little office in Nassau Street, the quiet work place of Christopher Morley. Mr. Morley had in his office a ship-master, a lean, serious man of Scandinavian intensity, a gentleman and a sailor, and a husband, come back to the great metropolis to face a problem that baffled him.

A part bottle of brandy rested on the desk; all took a drink. It was fine ardent liquor, the providential property of Mr. Morley. The ship-master brightened and then became even more serious than before. After another libation he brought forward the thing that so depressed him.

This simple sailor had left his wife behind, in Brooklyn, and up to then all had been well between them. His owners had refused to allow her to make the voyage, a thing she was anxious to do, and he departed sad of heart. When, in the course of a few months, letters reached him in a distant port, a note of cool indifference had crept into her correspondence. Being a man of the most tender sort, as sailors so often are, the captain sent back fiery answers.

After an exchange of marital notes, the cap-

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tain seemed to see his entire happiness at stake. He cabled his owners and, leaving the ship in charge of the mate, hurried back to his home.

'After I got there,' the captain said, 'I was struck by the absolute coolness of my wife. Our boarder —'

'Boarder?' The question came from both Mr. Morley and me, and we looked at each other. The captain noticed the look.

'Oh, an old family friend — nothing more. A perfect gentleman —'

'Go on with your story.' Morley poured a liberal shot all round, and we lit our pipes. He went on with the narrative.

'Our boarder did everything to try and bring us together.' The captain said this in a shaking voice. 'When my wife refused to speak to me, he, well, he told her what I wanted to say. He told her how sorry I was.'

'But — that is — did your wife refuse? Did she repulse you?'

'Absolutely cold.' The captain looked out of the window, toward Brooklyn, with moist dreamy eyes.

For a while we smoked in silence. The captain took a large wallet from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and brought out the photograph of a comely woman.

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'Now, this boarder?' It was a delicate situation. 'Has he been friendly, that is, long?'

'For years. He's an old friend of the family, of my wife's. Gentlemen, I trust him absolutely, as I would you —'

'No, no, no, captain, no. Don't trust even us. Don't trust anybody, in New York, or in Brooklyn.'

'But I am heartbroken, my friends. Here I have left my ship. I know it is for good, and here I am a husband who is only a boarder. She gets my meals for me, but she won't speak, or anything.'

'How have you treated the gentlemanly boarder?'

'Most considerate, always. I would not hurt my wife's feelings, not for the world. Yes, he is a gentleman; perhaps I am not.'

'Do you ask advice?' We were very, very careful, as men must be, as all married men must be, under similar circumstances.

For quite a while the captain did not reply. Then he polished off the remainder of his glass of brandy and looked at us with pale blue Scandinavian eyes. He was a lean man, a man utterly starved for the affection of his wife. At sea he would have met any situation with resolute determination, with skill and with decision.

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But there are few gentlemanly boarders at sea, and, alas, few wives.

'If only I had had her with me, nothing whatever would have happened.' He said this simply.

'Do you know why?' we asked.

'Why?' He was anxious.

'Because that damn skunk of a gentlemanly boarder would not have been along. Now, captain, if you want a bit of sound shoregoing directions, say so.'

For a few minutes he sat there. Mr. Morley, with commendable foresight, poured out a last liberal donation all round, finishing the bottle.

'Well, gentlemen. What can I do?' The captain was even then not cheerful.

'Go right over to Brooklyn, grab that gentlemanly boarder by the neck, and kick him into the air and out into the street.'

'But my wife, she will be furious. She locks herself into her room now. She'll never see me again.'

'When he is in the street, *you* lock the outside door, and then take anything that's handy and break in the door of your wife's room and explain that you treated *him* so because you love *her*.'

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'By golly, I'll do that. Good day, gentlemen.'

We have never heard what happened, but the chances are all is well again in Brooklyn, but not with the gentlemanly boarder.

ADVENTURE OF THE ADMIRAL'S CHEF



IT was in 1918, before the Armistice, when the U.S.S. *Newport*, schoolship, cruised in Long Island Sound, a body of water, by the way, not unknown to adventure. Indeed, facts and rumours and suspicions and strange appearances, and mysterious lights, and whispers and shots heard in the fog, gave a romantic tone to the time. Those of us destined to serve the Allied Powers in the desperate waters of the Sound spent many a sleepless night. It was also a time of grave consequence ashore, especially in the vicinity of various draught boards, where problems of moment constantly arose. The peculiar appearance of a dark seaman, carrying a little black bag, and speaking nothing but an elegant French, a language almost unknown on Long Island, caused no end of worry in the village of Glen Cove.

Where did he come from? Martinique? Guadeloupe? No one knew. A scholarly interpreter was brought from Sea Cliff to converse with him. He opened the bag; it contained many peculiar instruments, the tools of a professional, and little vials of flavour; *oh, so exquisite!* 'But what in hell will we do with him?' the president of the draught board asked.

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'Who?' I asked.

'This French chef. He's been a chef to an admiral.'

'I think we need a chef in the ward-room.' I was cautious.

The next day, after a talk with the executive on the schoolship, means were found to transfer the stranded chef to the berth deck of the *Newport*. The word 'means,' in this instance, means a lot; a chef, and a *French chef* at that, is not found lying around loose on the Long Island shore every day in the week, and the ward-room officers had long been fed by a crude coloured practitioner.

'Captain, will you join us at dinner?' A very smiling and well-satisfied executive stood in the cabin.

'Thank you, I'll be down.'

George Homer was the name the chef preferred to use in accepting service on the schoolship. Later on this name gave place to Adrian Hebble, and his understanding of the President's English came so suddenly that many of us suspected him of practising a long-continued deception, both ashore and afloat.

The ward-room mess rather put it on with respect to the cabin. Homer, a light-coloured gentleman, lean and artistic, was given to the

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construction of elaborate desserts. He erected huge masterpieces of pastry and confections. He made dinky little individual puddings, into the centre of which he dropped a few beads of coloured essences from the sundry vials he had brought on board with him. To me his cooking always had a slightly medicinal flavour. Hennessey, the cabin cook, said that he 'perfumed' his food, but Hennessey, also coloured, may have been jealous.

Having an admiral's chef, and a French admiral's at that, gave the ward-room much to gloat over and talk about. They were in the habit of arranging little parties, rather exclusive little dinners with friends from the shore, people always willing to break bread in that epicurean mess.

But cooking, like all else, wears on the eaters if the style is inclined to be exotic. George Homer never made friends in the ship, held himself much aloof from other members of the crew, and in the course of months became an established part of a routine too rigorous to be overmuch concerned with food.

'That damn French chef is getting on my nerves,' the executive confided to me one evening.

'Dine with me to-night,' I countered. 'We're

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having corned beef and cabbage, à la Hennessey, and rice pudding, without *parfum*.'

Needless to say the invitation was eagerly accepted.

The armistice transpired. The *Newport* was sent to the West Indies, and the admiral's chef, still dallying with his special tools, still employing his peculiar flavours, remained on board. One night, cruising off Dry Tortugas, I walked to windward on the quarter-deck, smoking an after-dinner cigar. It was a moonlight night, the air was strangely calm, the sense of security and well-being so overcame me that I was keyed for an alarm. It was always so, on the school-ship.

A group of figures rose from the main companion. The executive detached himself and approached.

'Captain, I'm sorry to report that I have had to clap the ward-room chef in irons.'

'What?' I was dumbfounded.

'He was reported, sir, in an act so vile I can hardly bring myself to repeat it.' The executive was terribly agitated.

The man was brought aft, in the shiny irons, speechless with fear. The master-at-arms and two witnesses confronted him. It was a clear case. It would mean a court martial at least,

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and twenty years on the stone frigate at Portsmouth. When I made known the extent of his punishment I at once realized that George Homer, the chef, understood English very well indeed.

'Clap him in the brig. Keep him ironed. Set a double guard.'

At once we altered course for Key West, sailing that night under easy canvas to make the passage at daybreak.

Late that night the executive came to me. 'This will cause a terrible scandal, sir,' he said. 'Besides, Homer never was enrolled in the reserve. Not a citizen, and — well, sir, I was wondering. He was shipped in an irregular way. Do you intend to land him at the naval station?'

'Have the second whaler ready to shove off as soon as we drop anchor in the morning.' He looked worried. 'And have Mr. Kuhnle report to me for instructions,' I added. 'I'll send him in with the man.'

We brought up off the naval station at daybreak, riding to a short scope of cable. The second whaler was called away. Mr. Kuhnle had his instruction for the delivery of the man. The crew were in the boat, and George Homer, in irons, was brought on deck, trembling, almost

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white. 'His effects show him to be Adrian Hebble,' the executive reported. The man began to shiver visibly. I could almost feel sorry for him. The cadets, lining the rail, looked on in wonderment; some of them grinned.

Twenty minutes later the boat came back, stroking with beautiful precision; it was a picked crew of first classmen. 'Hook on and hoist away,' I ordered. 'Stand by to get under way.' Inside of an hour we were under sail for Havana.

Ensign Kuhnle reported in the cabin. 'Your instructions were followed, sir,' he said.

'Without knowledge of the boat crew?' I demanded.

'Yes, sir. I left the boat in charge of the coxswain, said I would turn the prisoner over to the naval station, and walked him up Du Val Street. Then I took him around a corner, struck off his irons, pointed him inland, and gave him several warming-up kicks in the stern sheets. I'd been eating his damn abominations for nearly a year, sir. Then,' and he paused, a stocky, hard-muscled officer, 'and then, sir, I gave him a kick that lifted him a fathom off the ground, and let him go. The last I saw of him was a cloud of white dust tearing inland over the coral road. He disappeared in a few minutes

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and I returned to the boat and shoved off as instructed.'

This was the irregular way in which we discharged the admiral's chef.

PEARL STREET



A FEW days ago I walked through Pearl Street, the street that starts at the Battery, swinging its crazy course to the east of Broadway, passing north through Hanover Square, going on below the shadow of the Elevated road, and then suddenly darting to the west and reaching Broadway again at a point a few blocks north of City Hall. For me, at least, it is a street of unending fascination. The memories of the street, so far as I am concerned, begin in the fall of 1919 when I took the job of editing *The National Marine*, with offices on Pearl Street, at the corner of Fulton, on the third floor above the Corn Exchange Bank.

Being an editor, with a desk on the upper floor, in a sort of old-fashioned high-ceilinged loft with huge swinging windows, gave me a tremendous sense of responsibility. People were constantly coming to see the editor. Genius even found its way into the editorial presence. C. R. Patterson, the marine painter, was then happy to do covers for us.

Mr. P. H. W. Ross, president of the National Marine League, also held forth on the upper floor, in a partitioned section where weighty conferences were daily, almost hourly, under way. Mr. John McKinnon had a desk there also, and

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at about ten o'clock he would stroll in, bringing to Pearl Street the sartorial atmosphere of the better parts of Fifth Avenue.

The late Henry Collins Walsh, scholar and diplomat, sat near me, he being then occupied as my associate in the work of editing. Harry Walsh, often embittered by the downward trend of the times, walked along Pearl Street each day at noon to the restaurant Dos Americanos; practically every noon I was with him. The coffee at the Dos was, and I believe still is, terrible. But hold, let us not cast recriminations at this excellent café. It is terrible to those of us who have been impregnated with the coffee of commerce, served in weak infusions. The Spanish coffee, the true Brazilian Rio, bitter and uplifting, is what you get at Dos Americanos, in Pearl Street under the shadow of the Elevated road.

The chili con carne, served resting on a white mattress of boiled rice, must be taken with copious draughts of water, for it is hot, except for those accustomed to this sort of fare. Harry Walsh, back in the days of the genial generation, wrote a learned volume on where to dine in New York. He often referred to this book. Being a connoisseur, Walsh spoke with authority and his consistent patronage of the Dos Americanos spoke volumes for it. Often, in his

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quaint way, he referred to it as 'that terrible place,' but noon generally found us walking along toward it.

Pearl Street had its marvellous surprises, and one of these also has to do with a luncheon at the Dos. Perhaps Pearl Street is the last place in the world to look for beauty, and by 'beauty' I mean beautiful woman. I would never recommend a trip to this street in search of such beauty, but one noon at the old Dos, Harry, a lifelong bachelor, gripped my arm. I turned instinctively, for his clutch was tense, and saw coming through the door the most beautiful woman I have ever set eyes upon. She was dressed in simple but exquisite taste, and a half-dozen men of the Latin type, men rigged like the diplomats of fiction, followed her and surrounded her. She was evidently a lady of great quality come down to dine at the celebrated Dos. I judged her Spanish or of one of the South American republics.

We had finished our coffee, the great soberer, and were in the cold critical mood of men disillusioned. 'Once I saw a woman who was almost as beautiful,' Harry sighed. 'It was when I was the guest of Caid McLean, in Morocco; she was a Moor, and,' he added sadly, 'I was a trifle drunk.'

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Not far to the southward of this restaurant was the shop of a curious character who styled himself 'Westminster Hall.' He held a dark little den near a narrow alley. He had an impossible ship model for sale, and dealt in old tea, curious relics, a doubtful assortment of dusty-looking preserves in jars, spices, charms, and enchantments. Mr. Hall was also a commissioner of deeds. Once, when I had almost forgotten to pay my income tax, a matter of \$3.50, the rate then being at the peak, I had him acknowledge this document. I judged he did a bit of legal scroll-saw work, drawing instruments, attesting wills and the like. A buxom young woman was in the place and advised me that she was his daughter.

Not far from this was a brownstone structure, fashioned like the front side of a Greek temple. This was the old metal exchange.

To the north of Fulton Street, in the window of the Tagliabue thermometer shop, was an instrument that had been carried by Dr. Hayes, and was years later found on the shores of Thank-God Harbour, Greenland. It always looked very cool and corroded even on the hottest days of August.

But I must quit Pearl Street. The street is laden with memories, memories of ships and

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seamen, of spices and their aroma, of great moments of tense ambition and dreams. Farther along the street, toward the point where it bends west again, another and even a more poignant period comes to mind.

It goes under the Manhattan approaches of the Brooklyn Bridge, passes what was once the site of the old House of Harper and its cross-the-street neighbour, the *Police Gazette*. Once I walked out of the Harper offices with the rejected MS. of what is now *East Side, West Side* under my arm.

THE 'BEAR'



IN May, 1926, the old coast-guard cutter *Bear* left San Francisco, headed for Point Barrow, Alaska, on her last Arctic cruise. Built in Greenock, Scotland, in 1874, for the whaling service, this stout ship has made history under her adopted flag.

In 1884 two expeditions, under the Army, had failed in attempts to bring back Lieutenant A. W. Greely, and members of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, part of the International Circumpolar Expeditions attempting a thorough study of the great mystery of the frozen region about the Pole. Greely had been in the Arctic three years. His provisions were undoubtedly at low ebb, and the world was stirred with the necessity for immediate rescue. Then the job was given to the Navy. Two whalers were purchased in Greenock, the *Thetis* and the *Bear*, and a third ship, the *Alert*, was presented to the United States Government by Britain. Volunteers were called for. Winfield Scott Schley, a commander, was given charge of the expedition and the *Thetis*, and Lieutenant William H. Emory was given command of the *Bear*. In addition to this the Government offered a reward of \$25,000 to any whaler rescuing the Greely party.

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It was a race such as the Arctic had never seen. The energy and intrepid daring of Schley and Emory has gone down in history with the dramatic rescue of Greely and his surviving companions. Seven members out of twenty-four was the record of the rescue at Cape Sabine, in June, 1884, and the first message of hope to the men, on the point of death, was the resounding whistle of the brave old *Bear*.

From the Navy the *Bear* was transferred to the coast-guard, and her proud log records a million miles of cruising.

The story of the *Bear* would really be a story of the Arctic service of the old Revenue Marine. It would carry with it a half-century of coast-guard cruising in the Far North and would tell a tale of the unselfish and heroic men who have handled her and loved her amid the ice.

Offhand such names as Jarvis and Bertholf come to mind, and also the name of that old Roman, Captain Healey, feared and respected on the frozen seas where he was the law and the life and the resurrection of order north of sixty-three. Captain Healey was no parlour theorist. When the spars of the *Bear* hove in sight men and women on the littoral knew that Uncle Sam was near and that quick justice was at hand. Her smoke plume spelled hope to the

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starving, for those in peril had cause to know she would never fail them. Her stout keel and ribs and her heavy sides withstood the buffetings of heavy ice, for her men drove her with the faith of sailors in a worthy ship.

General Greely, General Brainard, and Maurice Connell, survivors of the *Lady Franklin* Bay Expedition, still live. To them the old *Bear* must for ever be a vivid symbol. Thousands of others have affection for her, and millions of our countrymen have heard her name.

One of the dramatic rescues by the *Bear* was that of the survivors of the whaler *James Allen*, in Seguam Pass off the Aleutian Islands. The old cutter came upon the crew reduced to the utmost extreme of starvation. These men had actually eaten one of their number to keep life going; the struggle reduced to its most implacable terms. The *Bear* came to the rescue before the final dropping of the curtain.

In 1905 I fell in with the *Bear* in Honolulu harbour. It was midsummer and the heat intense on a day when I was invited over to the cutter by L. C. Covill, then a lieutenant on her. The thing that struck me was the remarkable strength of the old craft, her heavy beams and thick sides. Her ward-room was the coolest

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place in the Hawaiian Islands at that time. She liked to warm herself, between Arctic cruises, and lay in the tropical harbour, strangely out of place with her surroundings.

In reading that remarkable document, the *Red Record*, I came across her name, listed with those of notorious American hell wagons. She has always been a positive character, and many a seal poacher has shuddered at the sight of her mastheads and has heard the bark of her battery. Once, on a rainy day in Seattle, I saw her in the harbour, just previous to her departure for the north. She looked businesslike, deep-laden with bunkers and stores, and a young man with very black hair and a drawyer-pull visor on his cap, that chopped-down effect of rigid duty favoured by young C. G. officers, stumped her poop. She looked very capable.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. RANDLE



CAPTAIN RANDLE, commanding the s.s. *St. Louis*, when I joined that ship in the fall of 1898, was essentially an aristocrat. He carried himself with an indefinable air of command. Sixty years of age, and forty-eight of them at sea! Randle wore a full beard, brown, streaked with grey, a noble mat coming to a double point close below his wide chin, and his upper lip supported a sweep of moustache that spread to port and starboard of his full red face like two whisker booms. He was a man of few words — few words carefully spoken in low, penetrating tones. Officers who knew said that his voice, when necessary, roared like a gale. He had a glint in his eye even when he smiled, seeming to mask his thoughts in his beard.

Of course there were stories below decks concerning the skipper, but never a breath of scandal, only tales of his quality as a seaman. Men at that time on the *St. Louis* had served in her when Randle came up with the sinking *Veendam*, at midnight in February, 1898. The Holland-American Liner was foundering in a raging gale.

The mid-watch of a February night on the Western Ocean! All that most men could do, under such circumstances, would be to stand by

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for daylight, burn reassuring flares, and prepare hot coffee. But Randle was of a sterner breed. There was no radio, no satisfactory means of communicating at night. The *Veendam* was showing signals of distress.

Disregarding a terrific sea, Randle hove-to to windward of the *Veendam*, called for volunteers, and ordered the ship's boats lowered. And these were wooden, clinker-built double-ended lifeboats, capable of handling in a great sea. They were not the shovel-nosed sheet-metal scows now in vogue as lifeboats on many passenger craft. And the men who lowered and manned the sweeps of those boats were seamen.

In three hours and ten minutes of perilous work at night, two hundred and twelve persons were taken from the Dutch liner to the *St. Louis*. Fifteen minutes after the last boat was on board the great *St. Louis*, the old *Veendam* sank from sight.

Queen Wilhelmina, immediately that news of this rescue reached Holland, conferred the Order of Nassau and Orange on the American shipmaster. A bag of gold was presented to Captain Randle, in behalf of the crew, and Lloyd's medals, and binoculars and certificates, were given to those officers concerned. There was no parade, no free vaudeville show, and the

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mayor and his friends were not photographed in front of the heroes. The simple ceremonies after the rescue were held on the white deck of the *St. Louis*, Captain Randle and officers attending in brass-buttoned frock-coats, wearing white gloves.

Captain Randle, when I knew him first, took the *St. Louis* on her voyage to Southampton, following her return to the transatlantic service after the Spanish War. She came out of Cramp's like a yacht. Spontaneous good feeling prevailed in those days in England with regard to the new American liners. We were received with enthusiastic cordiality.

Captain Randle had a little wooden walk constructed abaft the officers' quarters under the bridge. Here, between the house and the forward funnel, he paced his 'quarter-deck' hour after hour. He seldom came on the bridge, except perhaps at noon if he could not get the sun from his lower perch. If the weather was thick he seemed never to leave the bridge. Passengers saw little of him.

Almost invariably, after a passage, a delegation of important-looking people would arrive at the captain's door, the chairman carrying a set of resolutions specially prepared to express the great appreciation of the passengers and to

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give the committee a chance to see where the skipper lived. Captain Randle was always the essence of courtesy on such occasions. His man told me that he tossed the scrolls into a drawer and never looked at them.

I once overheard a remark made by Captain Randle, talking to the senior second officer on the bridge. It was a casual remark, part of a desultory conversation. We were running up Channel, past the Start.

'I have never averaged over five thousand a year since commanding a ship in the Atlantic service.' He seemed to consider this inadequate. As the time was 1899, or thereabout, his figures, calculated in terms of the dollar to-day, would place equivalent compensation at about ten thousand a year. Few skippers get this pay. The remuneration of sea service has not kept pace with the tonnage of the ships.

Randle was a phlegmatic man, apparently, but his glance seemed to belie this. I never heard him reprimand an officer, but I never saw officers more alert or more respectful on the bridge of a ship. As for the bridge itself, it was always the last word in immaculate perfection.

Captain Randle was a native of Wilmington, Delaware, the town on the great shipbuilding

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river to which he returned on his retirement. At the age of twelve he put out on blue water, shipping with his father, a sea captain of the school of canvas and long voyages. Young Randle served with his father for twenty-three years, until 1861, when he was given his first command, a five-hundred-ton barque, which he sailed for five years.

Captain Randle came up through the great era of the clippers and carried on at sea during the mighty upheaval of the Civil War. At the end of five years as skipper he retired because of ill-health. But the sea recalled him. In 1871 he returned to service and was given command of the old s.s. *Ohio*. His career is interesting even if our chronicle seems devoid of detail. He went from the *Ohio* to the Red Star steamship *Vaderland*, on the run between Philadelphia and Antwerp, and he followed this by taking command, in 1875, of the s.s. *Nederland* in the same run, plying between two of the great seaports of the world, those historic cities in which so much of progress has had its birth.

In 1878 Captain Randle was sent to Barrow-in-Furness to superintend the completion of the s.s. *Rhineland* for the Red Star, the owners acting with that old-time wisdom which so

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closely connects the master with the destiny of his ship.

After the launching of the *Rhineland* Randle commanded her until 1883.

The supervision of the master in the shipyard had evidently proved satisfactory to the Line. When the *Westernland* and the *Nordland* were laid down by Messrs. Laird Brothers, at Birkenhead, he was again sent across to look after the ships. He again went to sea, commanding the *Westernland* for four years.

All of this is routine record, plain unimaginative fact, free from great pictures of storm and of emergencies, and of danger constantly ahead of the stems of ships plying the Atlantic. I often marvelled at the extreme caution of Captain Randle. He would reach the bridge with incredible speed, moving calmly; a calm, certain presence, on the first thickening of fog, at the first horn advising of the approach of other vessels, or in those spring nights when ice might loom ahead at any moment. It was the time when ships carried the famous 'ice code' and signalled by flag as they passed each other in the lanes, or flashed their lights by night.

I once asked an old quartermaster, 'Isn't the skipper damn scared?'

'Scared? Say, kid, if you knew as much as

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he does you'd — every five minutes. It's only the lubbers who ain't scared at sea. He ain't had no accidents yet, and I lay it he never will.'

Captain Randle never did have a major mishap. But, as in the rescue of the *Veendam*, Randle could be scared for the other fellow and take mighty chances for himself, when chances were required.

Captain Randle was again sent abroad, in 1888, to look after the building of the *City of Paris*, for the American Line, and the *Friesland*, for the Red Star. Then he commanded the latter ship till 1892, and from then till 1894 he commanded that splendid ship, the *City of Paris*.

Great things were under way. The new liners *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* were laid down at Cramp's in Philadelphia, and again Randle was sent to the shipyard to look after the interest of the owners. He then commanded the *St. Louis*. The keels of the new ships were hardly wet when the Spanish War found them under the naval pennant, Randle serving under Captain Casper Goodrich, U.S.N., as commander, or in sea terms, chief mate of the liner.

This period gave great evidence of the supreme quality of all officers concerned and formed enduring friendships between our naval and merchant seamen. They cut the Spanish

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cable, under fire, and did valiant service in the little war. After peace Captain Randle again stepped to windward, in command. He could afford to serve in any capacity; he was capable of serving in any capacity, with emphasis on that of master. No seaman, of any service, has ever displayed greater ability or more intrepid seamanship than that shown by Randle in the rescue of the sinking *Veendam's* people on a February night.

In 1899 Captain Randle resigned from the service of the American Line and with Henry G. Morse took part in the organization of the New York Shipbuilding Company. He was its first treasurer, and later on assumed the active duties of marine superintendent of the yard. His knowledge of shipbuilding practice, abroad and in America, was of inestimable value.

I must record my final glimpse of Captain Randle. I was sitting in the outer office of Captain W. D. Burnham of the American-Hawaiian Line. Captain Randle was closeted with Burnham, both bearded, both serious, heavy-set seamen of an old school of integrity. As they left the office, Captain Burnham escorted the visiting shipyard official to the door. Randle said, 'We will cipher as close as we possibly can, Captain. We want very much to lay that keel

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for you.' He was referring to a new ship projected, the s.s. *Texan*, later on built by Randle, at the New York yard, for the A.-H. Line, a ship on which I served for over two years, one of the finest twin-screw freighters ever built anywhere, and still carrying her cargoes about the world.

Captain Randle retired in 1916 at the age of seventy-eight, an outstanding example of the American master mariner.

THE DEEP-SEA LEAD



THERE is a bit of seamanship that has not changed, an operation in practical determination still to be found on board seagoing craft, in spite of modern instruments. This is the old deep-sea, or *dipsea*, lead.

I have often seen this great lead hove over the bow, a fifty-pound plumb, with a hundred and more fathoms of line leading along the side, seamen tending the coils, and the swift snaking out of the line to the calls of '*Watch, O, watch!*' and the quick certain result, for the depth is shouted to the bridge on the instant of sounding.

There is no guesswork about this old method, no chance, nothing but skill and speed and beef. Then the line is *snatched* in a block on an after stanchion, and the crowd tails on and walks it in.

An old skipper I was shipmate with had the *dipsea* hove every passage, two and three times, just to keep all hands drilled in the method. It cost nothing, was a lot of fun, and when he needed a cast, say at night or in a fog, he was certain of getting it accurately and quick. He was an old-time wind-jammer and knew the utility of drill. These 'casts' in fine weather were always entered in the log. As he knew his position, he had a good check on the mate reading the markings on the line.

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Garrison Read, a grandson of the famous Captain Read of the American privateer *General Armstrong*, and a graduate of the old *St. Mary's*, shipped on the American ship *El Capitan*. They were taking a cast of the dipsea-lead; the line, running out like wild, caught young Read and yanked him over the taffrail and into the sea. He was never seen again. This is evidence of the speed with which the line runs out and the need for caution in performing the manœuvre.

With a green crew it is just as well to use a lighter lead until the crowd thoroughly understand the method. If no bottom is reached, the lead will bring up with a jerk, and the line should be strong and the end well secured inboard of the rail.

Of course the sounding-machine with its reel of wire has become standard on most sea-going craft. It enables soundings to be had at considerable speeds, and it can be operated by not more than three or four men. But, if the wire kinks and parts – and it has been known to do so – the putting in of a new wire is not a matter easily arranged, especially on a dirty night. Then, if soundings are imperative, it is mighty comfortable to have the old reliable coiled in a tub, armed and ready for use, with a crew accustomed to its handling.

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The coasters are known as economical craft and have been reproached for going along 'with one leg on the bottom,' but seldom do these vessels fetch up on the beach. It is the off-shore craft, caught on a coast in fog or thick weather, running in at night, that sometimes make the fatal error of neglecting the lead, or of getting erroneous soundings by machine.

Arthur Lockwood, in one of his fine sea comedies, has a coast steamer groping through a fog. They are using the dipsea-lead. When they bring the arming to the bridge, two prune-stones are embedded in the soap. 'I know where we are now. We're on the course of the X Line,' the skipper remarked. The story made quite a stir, as the X Line resented the thing, or at least their public relations expert did. But there was more truth in the story than fiction. The readings of the arming are also becoming blurred by the ashes and cinders hove overboard by trawlers in the North Sea, so men who navigate those waters say, and these men depend largely on the lead in those thick regions of fog.

The most exciting cast of the dipsea-lead in my experience came late one day, as the southern twilight was shutting down and the s.s. *American*, Captain George McDonald, was nosing into Field's Anchorage, in the Straits of Magel-

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lan, attempting a mooring for the night. A white-and-blue glacier rose ahead and towered over the foremast. The bearings seemed to place us over the patch of sandy bottom in the cove. Black-green beech trees smelled of the land, laden with rain, and the steep mountain edging the glacier hemmed us in. Swift *willi waws* came down on us; it was close to freezing. Both anchors were ready with men standing by. The hand-lead could not fetch bottom.

Slower and slower we went, silently entering the sharp cut in the southern side of the Straits. It began to look as if we would touch the edge of the thick forest. The light came and went, landmarks were uncertain, we did not know just where the ship might be.

'Anchor's ready, sir!' The mate was getting impatient. On the forecastle head was the tub with the dipsea-lead.

'Take a cast of the dipsea. *Quick!*' The skipper called from the bridge.

'Heave — O *heave!*' Splash; the thing went over like a flash.

The line ran out. 'Eighty fathoms, *no bottom!*'

'Slow astern!' We were backing out of the pocket. A few minutes more and we might never have found anchorage, or the way back

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into the dimming strait. Many skippers might have taken a chance and let the anchor go, trusting to get bottom at forty fathoms. Not so McDonald. He always had to *know*.

We worked out into the Magellan Straits and spent a night under way, a black night of snowstorms and squalls, with boats swung out and all hands standing by.

Marimeter, sonic depth-recorders, and wire sounding-machines are great inventions, destined to stay and be used more and more, but the experienced skipper will have a reliable dip-sea lead-line properly marked and ready for instant use.

LORD BALLYRACKET



HAVING stowed a satisfactory load of Honest into a new Dunhill pipe (I bought the tobacco, the pipe is a present), I can find no conflict between the patrician briar and the lowly shredded leaf at five a packet. Life is very much like this when you bring extremes together. I knew a fellow once who had a sort of hereditary position. He was what is called a 'lord.' It always fills me with amazement, this utter lack of humour that claims lordship for the clay. But there is a great deal of philosophy in the idea, and, when taken seriously, as it often is, there may be honour behind it all. I suppose when the final tally is taken and the crew is paid off before some celestial shipping clerk, those possessing honour may be given a special mark on the discharge. Perhaps they will be transferred to a far vaster planet, some mighty sphere of unlimited seas of surpassing grandeur, and there they may sail together, for ages, on transcendent voyages.

Lord Ballyracket – I've completely forgotten what he said his aristocratic name was, and this will do – sticks in the memory simply as Alf. Alf was a hard-working chap, not too young and with a marvellous vocabulary. He could curse with competence while shining brass, and he

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had a habit of frequently changing ships. Alf met me on St. Charles Street in New Orleans. It was his watch on board, and he had a lot of polishing to do. The run down from New York had been wet, and the flying-bridge binnacle and telegraphs were crusted with salt.

'What's up?' I asked. 'Have you jumped?'

'Well, I've left, just departed, after lunch. Let's have a drink.'

We found a convenient bar and after a few balls Alf began to cast his lashings and disclose startling information. I was inexperienced at the time and set him down as an unmitigated liar. The thought of that unshined brass, possibly my inheritance, may have had something to do with my attitude of disbelief.

'You see, son, I'm on a longer voyage than this ship makes. Have another.' We were toying with gin rickeys. 'Don't take up drinking,' he advised, while urging me to more. 'This liquor is diluted, it's not straight. Now, I seldom drink, and never alone; no, never. Got to have some one around when I imbibe.'

It was a brilliant afternoon, as I recall it, New Orleans basking in the sun. Grass was growing between the street-car tracks of the main thoroughfare, and down at the levee was our ship, a Morgan liner, all business.

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‘What you going to sea for?’ We were getting very, very confidential.

‘Because I like it.’

‘Say, son, you are right. Always do what you like when you can. Most people at sea hate the thing. Now I don’t. But I don’t like it. It’s a curse with me.’ He was knocking over his sixth rickey, or thereabout; I was still lingering with my third. I began to realize that Alf had unusual qualities. ‘I’m a lord,’ he said this solemnly, ‘a bloody lord. I’m Lord Ballyracket.’ I felt he would soon be a duke, or a prince, or even a king, or something of that sort. He looked at me queerly. ‘Think I’m spoofing you, eh?’

For a long time we sat at a little table and he talked. It was getting late. ‘I’m going south from here. There’s a steamer leaving for Havana to-morrow. I’ve shipped with the steward. I can do that too. Then I’m going to strike off for Central America, and so on.’

We walked down St. Charles Street at dusk and had supper at a little restaurant. Alf was a good scout. He had been everywhere, almost. ‘What gets me is the way this damn world shrinks and wrinkles up. Soon I’ll be going into ports I’ve seen before. Every time I make a

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new harbour it seems there is nothing new – all are alike.’

I was due on board at eight o’clock, to relieve Alf.

‘What I like about you is the way you come to time for your watch.’ He grinned. ‘That’s the sailor. That’s why I took a fancy to you, son.’ We were walking toward the ship. ‘I’ll turn back here. Glad to have had a chance to take a drink – I never, that is, seldom, drink alone. So long, son.’

‘So long, Alf – good luck.’ He turned and walked back from the dock.

As I came over the gangway the mate saw me. ‘Seen Alf anywhere?’ he asked.

‘No, sir.’ I was thinking of Lord Ballyracket. I have taken drinks with shipmates and have listened to many tall yarns. Only recently, as I overhaul my memories, have I come to the conclusion that the thin red-faced man with the pale blue eyes was telling me the truth. He jumped without pay and seemed to have some money in his pockets.

I reported to the bridge at eight. The night watch was set, and the brass I had thought of when I first saw Alf ashore was shining. The next morning one of the deckhands asked after Alf. ‘That guy gave me a

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dollar to shine the brass, after we knocked off.'

If Alf was not an actual lord, at least he had a lot of nobility in his make-up; the one thing I did not like about going to sea was polishing brass.

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A STUDY IN PETTO



YEARS ago, so long back that I won't even mention the date, and for obvious reasons I will withhold the occasion, and all else but pertinent fact, I made a voyage across the Atlantic as a first-class passenger, accompanied by two male companions, both much older than I, both married, both the heads of families, both regarded highly as leading citizens in their communities.

We started from the Middle West, the corn belt, the prairies, the stronghold of morality. I visited at the fireside of a bluff hearty man, a strong man, a red-blooded citizen, a hunter after game. He sat with the little wife and the five or six kids, telling of his adventures and sighing. Soon we were to depart.

'Father, oh, father, we'll pray for you,' they cried.

Then came the fatal day, and we left for New York. Glistening tears were in his eyes. He tore himself away from all he held most dear. I felt a weight of sorrow at the thought of this respectable man leaving his little family, to dare, to face dangers and wild animals with nothing but a rifle for his protection. But his dangers, his trials, were to come before he faced wild game. Other game, wilder still, was to meet and overcome him. But I am horsing ahead of this

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narrative. Sensitive readers had better get off the train at Altoona, had better lay down this book, or turn to other yarns.

Now, as is often the custom in problem novels, we skip ahead and find ourselves established in New York, near Greenwich Village. We are joined by our other companion, a doctor, and a man of the utmost respectability, a fine fellow, a gentleman of scientific attainments.

We are most circumspect. At night we overhaul our kits, see to it that everything we have is as desired for wild places. We talk of the Arctic, the tropics, the chances of life; and my companions, in tones of deepest feeling, say a word or two about their wives. All have been away from home two days. The pressure of their respectability weighs me down with added respect. We turn in at nine and get a good rest, for on the morrow we sail to sea on a liner, and then for great foreign adventurings.

Those who have followed so far are again warned that this is a narrative of disillusion. I was young at the time and believed everything I saw in print and most of the things people told me.

We put to sea. The three of us occupied a cabin. We were like the three musketeers, only we carried automatic rifles. The ship

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was beyond the legal limit established by international law. We were on the high seas. The ship was full of interesting passengers. All were getting acquainted rapidly.

The older of my companions, he of the large family, he of the bitter tears, the prayers – well, what of him? The facts must here be set down in regular order, and with some attempt at art, lest sensitive readers be offended.

Remember, this was my first passage at sea as a passenger. It was a delightful experience. The first night was grand. Our little cabin was crowded, but we did not mind. I hopped out early, shaved, and went on deck to take a turn around before breakfast in the saloon. My companions, having been up a bit late (their homesickness seemed to make them very wakeful), also slept late, to forget and to prepare themselves for the ordeal of the day.

Both were very agreeable. Both made friends rapidly, both looked a bit interested, a bit more cheerful, a bit less homesick as the second day at sea wore to a close.

These were very respectable men, 'business and professional men,' as they are described in magazine articles. Sailors, of course, are different.

Late the second night I heard a noise. I had

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turned in at four bells. I was in an upper bunk and assumed that my companions were unable to get to sleep as quickly as I could.

I hopped out early. I looked around. One of the bunks was vacant. The doctor had slept in, the hunter had not. I was terribly alarmed. Had Gastasoe, the great game-hunter, fallen overboard?

I wakened the physician. 'Gastasoe has not been in all night.' I tried hard to get this fact into his sleepy mind.

'Tell him at breakfast,' was all the doctor said as he turned over for another caulk.

Still I felt uneasy. The fear of a man falling overboard, in the night, had been drilled into me at sea. I took a turn on deck and then went down again. Gastasoe was in our stateroom, shaving deliberately.

'Well' – he was talking to the doctor, and I caught the sentence – 'it got kind of late and we went into a lifeboat. She's in the second cabin. A nice little woman, too.'

After that Mr. Gastasoe slept in the lifeboat all the way over. It gave us more room in the cabin.

'I'm going to shift my seat to-day,' the doctor said at breakfast. 'Mrs. Bank has asked me over to her table.'

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'Mrs. Bank?' I asked.

'Yes, she's going to Stockholm, to get a divorce.' Both of my respectable companions talked in a worldly tone, on a lofty plane, to which I could not follow. After all, it was their affair, not mine.

'Meet Mrs. Bank.'

The doctor hauled me to where a plump woman was reclining in a deck-chair on the promenade. She looked like a woman of discernment. Her eyes held a hint of sorrow, her lips seemed ready to smile at futility. I gathered she was cosmopolitan. She liked he-men, as they were then beginning to be called. She engaged the doctor in an endless discussion of the great risks he was about to undergo. After a very short time I realized that my presence was a hindrance.

I looked for Gastasoe; he had again slept in the lifeboat. I could not find him. Where he kept himself during the day became a mystery. He was a most respectable man at home and a most discreet man aboard; we only saw him at meal-times.

That afternoon, I was lying in the deserted cabin, reading, when the doctor came in. He hauled out his steamer trunk and took two new

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suits of union underwear, medium weight. I said nothing. He seemed to be in his right mind. But was he?

The doctor wrapped this underwear in a neat package, using some paper he found in a drawer, and was about to depart. Then it seemed best to him to explain.

'Mrs. Bank lost her steamer trunk. They failed to put it on board, and she's entirely without under-things. I'm letting her have these. I call it a rotten system. She's lodging a complaint, when the ship gets in, at the main office.'

'Why don't she kick to the purser, now?' I suggested.

'Well, she's thought of that. But I advised her to hold her kick till it will do some good, to cause no stir now, as I can help her out. She's only got her hand-bag and a few necessary things.'

I began to wonder what had happened to the respectability of my friends. But I had travelled about a bit, east and west, and the curious customs of the world made no great impression on me.

The fourth day I avoided Mrs. Bank and hung out in the mess-room of the junior officers. I also went on the bridge, by special invitation of the master.

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'Mrs. Bank feels hurt,' the doctor advised me, 'because you seem to avoid her.'

'Why' – I hesitated – 'I thought perhaps she'd rather not have me around, knowing – well – being cognizant, as it were, of her unfortunate predicament.'

'Not at all, not at all. Quite the reverse. I'm trying my best to help her. She's of a very nervous temperament, emotionally unstable. I have been able to give her considerable help.'

Whether Mrs. Bank had also given comfort to the physician torn from the bosom of his family some few days back, I could only judge by the rather professional manner of the man, by his detachment, by the fact that he often whistled little tunes under his moustache.

Ships, like liquor, are very, very intoxicating to those who are accustomed to life on solid ground, surrounded by neighbours, buoyed by the Church, solidified by the mutual obligations and responsibilities of social and business associates. Once off, free, beyond the limit either of the legal boundaries or of the moral boundaries, respectability of the conventional sort becomes a hazy memory.

I was not surprised at Gastasoe. I argued, 'He's only a fellow with a weakened resistance. The "little woman" in the lifeboat at night is

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simply a symbol for the little wife back at home. In his mind, at least, he is more true to the memory of his wife through being so attentive to the lonesome woman. Cabins, worlds, separate them. But what are things like this to a mighty hunter! Romance is served by the lifeboat.'

I walked the deck with a girl only remembered now as Helene, a mysterious woman who confided that she had departed from New York to save herself from her lover, a married man. Their ways must part, so her story went, while an invalid wife claimed his protection. She was reading *The Garden of Allah*, and her fingernails were highly polished.

The doctor maintained a strictly ethical position. His responsibilities and his aid to the lady without her supply of undies, and his kind consideration of her moods and her mental equation, filled him with an importance beyond anything he had experienced before.

'My wife,' so he said to me in a confiding moment, 'is as jealous as an ostrich sitting on an egg. I've been the egg.' He had had some very disconcerting experiences with female patients back in the days of his respectable practice, ending a week or so before. Out at sea, under a

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freedom conveyed by the ocean, he was able to give hours on end to the study of the case he diagnosed as most remarkably peculiar. I had ideas of my own about the matter, but refrained from comment.

Mrs. Bank was about thirty-five, an elastic age. After dark she looked under thirty, and at other times she looked older. The doctor began to worry as the passage neared its close. Gastasoe, so I judged, was getting tired of night-life in a lifeboat. But the physician adhered to the comfort of a bunk.

Of course, I had the cabin to myself.

My companions, to carry the narrative farther, eventually returned to their homes, shed happy tears on joining their families, and, I assume, like many other similar voyagers, have lived happily ever after.

ALONG THE LOWER DECK



ONCE I sat in the little office of an assistant harbour-master, a captain retired from the sea. He had been helpful in a kindly unobtrusive way. A short time had passed since I first met him, much official and social business had been transacted, and, in the first lull of this pandemonium, I dropped into the cluttered office of the assistant. I borrowed a light for my pipe and took the offer of a chair.

‘You’ve had a very active time here, sir,’ he said.

‘Yes. Your people have been exceptionally cordial. Now that the fuss is almost over, come on board again and have a dish of tea with me. Bring the missus, if she would like to come.’

It was toward the end of the day and the assistant harbour-master looked out on the reach of the grey river, as grey as he was himself. He had been on board in the first hour, assigning a mooring, doing the work of the harbour. Later on, when the mace-bearers and the official notables came over the gangway, the harbour was represented by his chief. He was accustomed to this – it is the rule. For a moment I saw a brightness in his eyes, just a glimmer, and then he puffed a cloud of smoke from his briar; the acrid fumes must have got into his lamps.

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'Thank you, captain; thank you. The wife and I don't go out much now. It's getting along, you know, to the time when we like to stay pretty close to the fireside, at night when the work is done here. But I'll tell her, sir. I'll tell her of your thought.'

We talked for a half-hour more and then 'I had to shove off, but the visit, purely a lucky incident, a thought, left me with a feeling that things are all right so long as such men hold the lower deck.

Always there are the assistants, who do so much of the work, the fellows who are in the background of life, content at last to make a living and let it go at that. Out in front are the important men, the display figures, the successful people. I have no objection to these successful ones. We need them, the world needs them, just as a properly constructed pie has to have a crust.

It is easy enough to mingle with the successful, to be accepted by them. All you have to do is to appear successful yourself, keep your hair cut, polish your shoes, and crease your pants.

Along the lower deck of life it is far more difficult to get into the circle of philosophers. Many make the big mistake of thinking all of the lowly are lovely. This is the attitude of the

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uplifter and the patronizer. Those who have laboured at the oars know how false this theory really is.

Those of us who have come on board through the hawse-pipe and have worked our way aft often carry along friendships and remembrances hard to obtain in any other way. Having been driven into the narrow channels of print among the snarling critics, I find it refreshing to get off soundings, when I can, among those who have made long voyages.

There is an old sea-captain, a sturdy figure with a brick-red face and a snow-white beard, who hails me from time to time, and we pass the word and talk of the sea. His cruises are over now, and he has come ashore with nothing but his wisdom and his integrity. Things never broke well for him so far as money goes. He now makes an honest living acting as night-watchman on a construction job.

I am supposed to be ashore for a while before putting to sea again. I have never told the old skipper this, but he assumes it, and perhaps he is right. He has had command of important ships. He was hauled back into service during the war and sent on hazardous voyages, and now he watches at night.

'You know, I sit here looking at the cars go

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by.' His job is close to one of the main roads. 'I wonder why they go so fast. Everybody seems to be in a hurry to get somewhere.'

'Perhaps they're in a hurry to get away from somewhere else,' I remarked.

'They're trying to get away from themselves,' he concluded.

'You're not bothered that way' — we were sitting on a couple of old powder-boxes — 'are you?'

'Well — no.' He considered the matter, puffing at his pipe. 'I'm comfortable here. I live across the way. All I've got to do is keep awake, and that's no trick at all, not with me. They can rush by and have a good time. I was in a hurry myself once, for a good many years. I remember coming through the China Sea before a strong monsoon, swinging sky-sails; it was my first command. I thought the last few hours of the world had come. I was determined to go as far as possible. I'd be slower now, I guess. We've got lots of time, lots of it, ages of it. After midnight, and along toward dawn, you don't see many people out this way. I'm wondering what it's all about. The stars curve over me as they always did; it's the same old sky.'

'Let me know when you're going out again, captain.' This is his parting whenever I see

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him. 'Ships are hard to get these days,' he remarked when I saw him last. I hate to tell the old skipper how I strive to make a living; he considers me still fit to take my watch at sea.

THE MASTER AND THE ENGINEERS



ONCE I attained a tremendous success by my writing. My words thundered across the land, across seas, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, grew indignant or enthusiastic. The thing I now lay claim to formally was a letter sent to the *New York Tribune* and signed 'Old Shipmaster.'

Many answering letters saw print. Sea-going engineers, a body of earnest faithful men, rose in wrath and thundered back their replies. Old salts, intolerant old fossils, rose from the dry rot of their retirement and came to the break of the poop, so to speak, and defied the newer members of the smoke-smudged crew.

These letters, so eloquent, so full of intense feeling, are characteristic of the men at sea, sail and steam, wood and steel, the men who are so childlike in their bravery, so utterly lovable in their simplicity.

The letters follow.

OLD SHIPMASTER CONDEMNS ENGINEERS

SIR, — Will you kindly accord the courtesy of your columns to an officer of the old school? I am a shipmaster and, if I may say so without appearing boastful, a shipmaster of a time when

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our merchant marine reflected glory upon our flag. We have heard much of late about our merchant shipping, and so much of it has been the voice of a new order of spokesmen that I am convinced no part of the present condition of mutiny is worse than that centring about the motive power of the vessel.

As a boy at sea I was taught that dirt and lubberly conduct go hand in hand. The old ideas were sound, for with the grease and filth in the engine and fire-rooms have come a lack of sea tradition and a lack of respect for authority that bid fair to wreck our shipping.

Lately I have been informed that the men who manage engines have taken it upon themselves to aspire to complete command of the vessel. Officers have always held themselves responsible for the support of recognized authority at sea, and now we have a body of men who claim to be officers, men examined and certified by their Government; we have these men seeking full command of the ship while they themselves are fitted only to manage the machinery. It is as bad as if the boatswain and his mates, in the old days, had aspired to take over the lawful authority of the master.

There is grave doubt in my mind as to whether engineers, as they style themselves, are

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legally entitled to be considered as officers of a sea-going vessel. Many students of marine law will agree with me that they have no greater status than the oarsmen working in the galleys plying out of Tyre. An engineer stops or goes ahead when he is ordered to do so by the master, or by the master's regularly constituted representative, namely, the officer of the watch. I believe I am correct in stating that an engineer who wilfully stops, or starts, his engine, thereby moving the ship as a whole, over which he has no authority, is liable to suspension or revocation of his licence to drive marine machinery.

Marine engines, as a rule, are an excellent thing, but by what stretch of the imagination do the men who start and stop and oil and repair these machines take on such seeming importance?

The majority of engine-drivers are undoubtedly worthy men in their way—in fact, men with considerable mechanical skill of a strictly limited application. It is not necessary for them to have knowledge of nautical astronomy, to know anything of the great movements in the celestial heavens so necessary to navigating officers. These men need not study sea laws and usages as a part of their duty—they have no knowledge of the larger problems of seamanship

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involving the management of the vessel as a whole.

A complete reformation of our sea laws is now in order. The ship as a whole must be recognized as supreme, being greater than any of its component parts. Students will recognize an axiomatic truth of elementary geometry. And at sea the master in command of the whole ship, cargo, passengers and engines, is supreme. The engines, being minor parts, are in charge of minor persons. Sea discipline should be upheld by American shipmasters with an iron hand, and the respect for authority, so conspicuous in the old, successful days of our merchant marine, will again come back to the sea.

OLD SHIPMASTER.

New York, *June 27*, 1921.

This was answered by Chief Engineer C. A. McAllister, always a champion of the men below the grating:

THE MARINE ENGINEER

*Of More Importance Than 'Old Shipmaster'
Would Admit*

SIR, — I am greatly interested in the letter in to-day's *Tribune* signed 'Old Shipmaster.' Judging from the sentiments this old mariner enunciates,

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his diatribe might well have been entitled, 'Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound!' He has resurrected the spirit of the old shipmasters of over half a century ago, when the winds of heaven were being replaced as a ship's motive-power by steam.

The battle between sail and steam was settled decades ago, and steam won out in a most decisive manner. The engineer on a modern vessel has come into his own, and to-day his importance is being recognized more and more, as it is his efficiency which spells success or failure in ship operation.

Gone are the tall, tapering spars and the snow-white canvas of 'Old Shipmaster's' days, to be replaced by the grimy but efficient boilers, engines, and pumps of the modern steamer. The monkey-wrench and the oilcan have succeeded the marline-spike and the belaying-pin of moth-eaten antiquity.

'An engineer stops or goes ahead when he is ordered to do so by the master,' says our disciple of Neptune. He certainly does, but what more helpless figure can be found than this regal master if the engine does not start or stop at his imperial command? Of what use then is his 'knowledge of nautical astronomy' or of 'the great movements in the celestial heavens,' ex-

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cept that, being very much up in the air as to what he can accomplish in his raving impotency, he may commune with his celestial associates until the perspiring engineer down below can by his skill, gained from the experience of years, make the necessary repairs which will suffice to drive the vessel onward.

Poor 'Old Shipmaster'! I sympathize with him and his kind. He undoubtedly served his vocation nobly, as men of his type were pioneers in discovery and sea-trade and performed their functions in a most commendable manner. If he is anxious again to earn a livelihood, I will gladly recommend that he apply for a position with the Shipping Board as admiral of the fleet of wooden ships which that organization now has on hand. His thoughts and his sturdy doctrines will fit there very acceptably, especially in connection with the numerous hulls not fitted with machinery.

C. A. MCALLISTER.

New York, *June* 29, 1921.

'Son of Another Old Shipmaster' also took up the cause of the engineer:

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SEA-ENGINEER'S IMPORTANCE

Major Factor in Steamship Operation – Master of Machinery

SIR, – I read with mingled amazement and amusement the letter by 'Old Shipmaster' – very old, I should judge; perhaps a reincarnation of some skipper of Phœnician days who gloried in ruling his Tyrian galley-slaves with a rope of thongs.

The art of navigation is the same now as it was hundreds of years ago. The celestial bodies still retain their place in the heavens as of yore, deviating not from their appointed course. My grandfather, who was a shipmaster, could navigate a modern vessel without requiring to go to school to learn anything new, but an engineer who cares for his profession and wishes to march with the times must be for ever studying the new inventions and improvements that from time to time emanate from the fertile brain of the inventive though (according to 'Old Shipmaster') despised engineer. In modern times the shipmaster comes up the ladder from quartermaster through the successive ratings of deck officer to master, just as the engineer officer graduates from the stokehold to the engine-room and its chances of promotion.

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Anyone visiting a modern engine-room must be amazed at the knowledge a marine engineer must have to understand the intricacies of its manifold and complicated gear. The deck officer requires no such knowledge. I think the millionaires and people of leisure, not to mention more humble citizens, would wish 'Old Shipmaster' anything but well should ocean transportation revert to the motive-power and mentality of galley-slaves. Where, but for the engineers who designed them and the engineers who run and repair them, would the 'grey-hounds' of the Atlantic be? Are the engines in these liners or any modern ship 'minor parts'? Is the steam steering-gear a minor part? Engineers are not only 'starters' and 'stoppers' — they must be skilled in their profession to keep a modern engine doing its duty.

SON OF ANOTHER OLD SHIPMASTER.

Brooklyn, *June 29, 1921.*

'Throttle-Valve' followed with further protest from the engine-room:

BLAMING THE 'OLD SCHOOL'

SIR, — May I have a word or two about the 'condition of mutiny' mentioned by 'Old Shipmaster'? If we ran ships after the fashion advo-

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cated by this relic of a bygone day, we would have a riot on board ship from one end to the other.

Who started the seamen's unions and all the other unions? Who made the La Follette law possible? I would like to say that these modern adjuncts to the American merchant marine are the direct outcome of the policies advocated by this 'Old Shipmaster.' The strict and small-minded master and his assistant, the 'bucko mate,' did the work that aroused the long-suffering seaman and his 'friends' and saddled on us a set of marine laws and restrictions that all but choke off the little discipline remaining on our ships.

The 'Old School,' of which this shipmaster is so proud, was a mean old school that starved sailors and made serfs of free men.

We are entering upon a new era, and the engineer is here to stay. Whether he will eventually command the vessel, so dependent upon his ability, remains to be seen. The new shipmaster will have to take his departure from the old ideas if he is to maintain his mastership.

THROTTLE-VALVE.

New York, *June* 30, 1921.

Mr. Collins then added to the very interesting discussion:

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ENGINEER AND SHIPMASTER

Their Relative Responsibilities on Modern Steamships

SIR, — The letter signed 'Old Shipmaster' brings up an interesting subject. The so-called 'traditions of the sea' die hard, and a tradition that is dying particularly hard is that which gives an almost divine right to the 'master.'

Modern invention tends in all cases to lighten the work of the deck officer, while, on the other hand, the propelling machinery of modern steamers becomes more and more complicated. With a good wireless operator to get hourly reports on the ship's position by radio, a child almost could navigate a ship to-day.

The marine engineer is almost unknown to the general public. He very seldom advertises himself or his work, but when a man writes a letter such as that of 'Old Shipmaster,' it makes a marine engineer wonder where the old skipper has been all these years that he has failed to keep up with the times.

I agree that an engineer 'stops and goes ahead' only upon order from the bridge. A failure to obey every signal correctly might easily cause loss of the ship, which, to my way of thinking, is considerable of a responsibility in

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itself, and in many cases has proved too much of a responsibility for the officer on the bridge. Gold braid does not make an officer, and it is ignorance of that fact that causes so much of the friction aboard ship.

'Old Shipmaster' tells us that 'marine engines, as a rule, are an excellent thing.' They surely are, because when they fail there is not much left for the skipper to do but send out an S O S.

The rules of navigation have not changed, in a broad sense, since the days of Columbus. The same does not hold good in the engine-room. Turbines, Diesel engines, and the electric drive are only a few of the developments that have made the engineer a man of growing importance and greater responsibility. The man in overalls handled his engines through the late war in a way that had no little bearing on its outcome.

'Old Shipmaster' states that the marine engineer has no more status than the oarsmen who manned the galleys of Tyre. I think he means we ought to have that status, in his opinion. Times have changed, however, and it is the failure of a number of people to keep up with these changes that causes the bitter feeling evidenced in 'Old Shipmaster's' letter.

The name 'shipmaster' would imply that something has been 'mastered.' How can a man

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be 'master' over that of which he has not even an elementary knowledge, namely, the engine-room department of a ship? The chief engineer is and always will be the logical master of his own department, and if in the future he becomes supreme in authority it will be due to his fitness for that place, and to the failure of some present masters to appreciate that 'ruling by divine right' had a bad set-back not long ago, and that democracy and fair dealing are all-important aboard ship.

The marine engineer is a gentleman and an officer. The failure of any of the *Titanic's* engineers to appear in the ship's boats is one of many proofs of that.

BERT COLLINS.

Brooklyn, July 6, 1921.

And 'One Who Served in the Navy' gave a very level-headed criticism:

SIR, — The 'Old Shipmaster' who wrote to you about holding marine engineers in strict subordination might look to the navy for his answer. Until the merchant marine skipper knows his ship thoroughly, and that includes a knowledge of the engine-room, he is not entirely master. The same shipmaster who wrote the letter would hold in contempt a master of a wind-jammer who

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knew nothing about sails. The future ship's husband will know his engine-room as well as his compass, and complete subordination of his ship's company will follow.

ONE WHO SERVED IN THE NAVY.

New York, *July 6, 1921.*

However, the 'Old Shipmaster' also had his defenders, as the two following letters show:

SHIPMASTER HAS MOST OF THE RESPONSIBILITY

'Must Be Lawyer, Doctor, Parson, Diplomat'

SIR, — I have read the letters of 'Old Shipmaster' and 'Engineer,' and can thoroughly understand the position taken by each. As I have had nearly fifty years of experience in the science of ship operating, I think I have a good idea of the value of each.

A shipmaster makes a poor mechanic. His work is professional. An engineer, to be a mechanic, has no time to learn the profession of shipmaster. Charter-parties, bills of lading, bills of health, all the documents and laws regulating commerce all over the world are beyond his view. His log and his requisitions for supplies and repairs are as far as he can go if he attends to his duties.

The duties of the shipmaster compel him to be a lawyer, a doctor, a parson and a diplomat.

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He is under necessity of keeping in touch with the depth of water, port charges, what kind of dispatch can be got, and cost of stores and repairs in every port in the world, and he must be prepared to advise his owners on all these questions. He has to see that his ship is fitted out with all the supplies and material for the voyage, and from the time that he sails until he returns be responsible for the health and safety of all on board. When trouble comes along he must be the judge and punish all who by mutiny or laziness or disobedience of orders or dishonesty endanger the peace and comfort of all on board, including the engineer.

The master of a ship is always on duty. He has no watch and watch. He is liable to be called at any time. The master and the cook cannot enjoy the eight-hour day, and every ship-owner and operator in the business consider that when they have a good master, mate, and cook the ship will get along with the engineer, either shop-experienced or shovel. There is no doubt that in a short time the engines will be stopped and started from the wheel-house and the engineer displaced with a crew of machinists and fitters who will obey the orders of the master and thereby make ship property once more profitable.

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The underwriters when they write a risk on a ship must know who is going to be master of her, and all of his history from the time he got a certificate to date. If his record is cloudy, they will not take the risk, and he thereby loses his job. The engineer is not under that necessity. His ticket is free from that. In case of disaster, where total or partial loss is suffered, or even where general average loss occurs, the engineer would have a lot to learn, and where a bottomry bond is needed to raise money to pay for repairs at a foreign port I am sure the bankers would hesitate before they would consent to advance what was needed to him.

In fact, the master of a ship is responsible for everything on deck, in the engineer's and steward's departments of a ship, and should get a report from them at the change of every watch. That is what the owners of the ship, the owners of the cargo and the insurers of both, all of whom he represents, expect of him.

W. J. SMITH.

Brooklyn, *July* 11, 1921.

SHIP MASTERY

SIR, — It is evident to me that the writers of the letters on shipmasters and marine engineers were educated in a school that taught them

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to look through the reverse end of the binoculars.

'Son of an Old Shipmaster' says his grandfather could navigate a ship without having to go to school to learn navigation. The said ship must have sailed on the Erie Canal, where they used mule-power and navigated with a tow-line.

'Throttle-Valve' says 'we are entering a new era and the engineer is here to stay.' That was the opinion of the engineers that were employed by the Elevated railroads some years ago. They were superseded by motor-men, and, in my opinion, that will eventually be the fate of the steam engineer when every vessel becomes electrified and the non-executive complement will be cut down two-thirds. I want to tell 'Throttle-Valve' that the old 'bluenose skipper' and his 'bucko mate' didn't do as much to sailors as some engine-room officers did to the firemen. That's a story still untold.

Bert Collins mentions the 'traditions of the sea.' There is no such thing, to my knowledge. But there is an international fundamental law that recognizes a master of a vessel as the supreme authority outside the three-mile limit, but subject to the laws of his own country or a foreign port of entry inside that limit. 'One

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Who Served in the Navy' ought to go back there, because his letter indicates that he has a lot to learn. The navy has two distinct branches – the executive, which is the seaman's end, and the non-executive, the mechanical end, that has command of all machinery, but is subject to orders from the bridge.

It is not my intention to disparage the qualifications of the marine engineers, for they are necessary to the steamship. But when they intimate that the only requirement necessary to become a master is to put on a uniform with gold decorations, it is time to let them know where to get off. I would like to place 'Old Shipmaster' in a boat with a sail and an oar for a rudder, his compass and quadrant; and his traducers in a similar boat with a full equipment of machinery and a wireless operator, tow them both to the middle of the Atlantic, start them off and see which one would arrive in New York first. I have not the least doubt about the result. It would show the improvements that have advanced navigation to a science, by intrepid seamanship, without the aid of engineers.

JAMES FOREMAN, SR.

Passaic, N.J., *July* 16, 1921.

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And then Mr. Cuming threw much calm light on the discussion:

ENGINEER ANSWERS SHIPMASTER

SIR, — Having received a clipping from the *Tribune* containing a letter by 'Old Shipmaster,' I feel compelled to take up the cudgels in defence of the marine engineer. The shipmaster refers to himself as an 'officer of the old school.' Old school is right. So was Julius Caesar. But could he be compared to Marshal Foch or any of the modern generals? No doubt he was a very worthy man in his way, and in his day. The captain refers proudly to a time when the merchant marine reflected glory upon our flag; a period of hard-boiled skippers and bucko mates, when laws for seamen were few and lax and might was right. No doubt he is familiar with the word 'shanghai' (in Webster's, to abduct), and the dark and devious ways of crimps, and how much rotten food has been supplied to crews of sailing ships, and how much of a rake-off the old-timers got from rascally ship-chandlers.

What does 'Old Shipmaster' mean when he speaks of 'the present condition of mutiny'? I have not read in the daily news of mutinies.

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There is nothing to mutiny for. Seamen get fair treatment, good wages, no cruelty, and good living-quarters, compared with the old-time sailing ship. It is not safe nowadays for a skipper or a mate to lay hands on a seaman.

There isn't the slightest doubt about his assertion that dirt and lubberly conduct go hand in hand. Let me inform him, however, that there is not an engineer worthy of the name who does not take as much pride in the cleanly condition of his engine-room and fire-room as any captain who ever walked a quarter-deck.

A real engineer has as much respect for authority as any living man, because he has to exert it on his own crew. The captain says he has been informed that engineers have taken it upon themselves to aspire to complete command of the vessel. Why does he not go to the root of his information and be a little more specific? Engineers are not fools. They know they are not navigators; not one in a hundred knows how to steer a course. I would advise the captain to apply to the steamboat inspectors for information as to whether an engineer is an officer or not. I think he would be told that any licensed man in charge of a watch is an officer. The worthy captain would give the engineer the same status as the men who handled the oars in

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the galleys plying out of Tyre. They were the motive-power, and they were called galley-slaves, and were chained to their seats. They were flogged by the officers if they did not swing a husky oar, and if the galley went down they went down with her.

- Would he have engineers in that position, while he and his officers had a chance to escape?

Now about starting and stopping. No engineer wilfully starts or stops his engine except when warming up at the dock, or in case of an accident at sea, and never without notifying the deck. If the captain was one of the modern school, he would know that. He does not appear to know much about a modern steamship, anyway. He further remarks that 'engine-drivers' are undoubtedly worthy men in their way. He said a whole lot that time.

Suppose, if it were possible, that the captain and chief engineer of the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic were segregated from the world until the present day. Then release them and place them on a modern steamship. The captain would be able to take her across just as he did the first ship. But could the chief engineer? Not so you could notice it. The science of navigation has not changed since it became a science, but the science of marine

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engineering is constantly changing to keep up with modern machinery and modern ideas.

Just consider, captain, for a moment, a modern small town of, say, 5,000 souls. It has electric light, waterworks, sewage system, and transportation. These different public utilities are managed under different officials, who are responsible to the mayor and councillors. Now, a modern big passenger liner has often 5,000 souls aboard. It has all these public utilities self-contained, and more – refrigeration, ventilation, steam-heating, etc. Now, there is only one man responsible for all these, viz., the chief engineer, who is responsible to the captain, who is in the position of the mayor of a town. The chief engineer is a 'worthy man in his way,' captain, is he not?

All that stuff about knowledge of nautical astronomy and the movements of the heavenly bodies being necessary to navigating officers is pure bunk. Nine out of ten don't know a thing about them. They pick out a star for observation to find the ship's position and take a solar or lunar observation, or work a chronometer sight for longitude and a few more simple problems, but that is about all. Everything is picked out of tables compiled for them by the astronomers in the observatories ashore.

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They don't even know how those tables are worked out; just take them for granted and apply them to their observations. How many of them know how to produce a logarithm? If one were to inform a deck officer that the Crab was in conjunction with the Sun, he wouldn't know what you were talking about.

Ever since boilers and engines were put into ships, there has been friction between the deck and engine departments (and an engineer hates friction) because there was a division of authority, and the realization that the old-timers were passing and the wheel of progress could not be stopped. I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will publish this letter as it is, as 'Old Shipmaster' has given us rather harsh treatment in his letter, and I like to see fair play for both sides.

M. A. CUMING,
Marine Engineer.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada,
August 9, 1921.

But this thing kept thundering. It would not down. Months afterward the following letters appeared in *The American Marine Engineer*:

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Camden, N.J.

MR. EDITOR, —

Will you kindly afford me the courtesy of your columns to make answer to an officer of the old school?

I do not claim to be an officer of the old school, although I have held a chief engineer's ticket for fifteen years and feel that I am fully qualified to meet the feeble argument that the Old-timer has made.

First of all, he tells us that as a boy at sea he was taught that dirt and lubberly conduct go hand in hand, and every fair-minded man must agree with this statement; but he tells us that the grease and filth in the engine and fire-rooms has created a disregard for authority and is a menace to our shipping.

This statement is partly correct, as we know the environment has a far-reaching effect on the individual, but if Mr. Officer of the Old School would stop and consider the conditions that some of us had to tolerate in the last four years he could readily appreciate the fact that engineer officers are not altogether to blame.

It is against the ethics of a professional man in a debate to mention the faults or shortcomings of his opponent, but Old-timer has deviated

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from this rule and I feel like dipping my pen in vitriol in going back at him as he deserves.

He states that he has recently been informed that men who manage engines have taken upon themselves to aspire to complete control of the vessel. This statement may be true, but I don't believe it; but, on the other hand, have not the captains, or masters, as they prefer to be called, aspired to control the entire ship, and we know that they are fitted only to stand on the bridge and shout orders to the first mate on the fo'castle-head and the second mate on the poop to let go the lines, then point her nose in the direction he wants her to go and then leave it up to the engineers to do the rest, and if the chief engineer reports to him that he cannot go any further the master sometimes assumes the authority to relegate the chief to his room and puts the first assistant in charge, but never takes off his gold braid and puts on dungarees and goes below and straightens things out.

He also states that there is grave doubt in his mind as to whether engineers, as they style themselves, are legally entitled to be considered as officers of a sea-going vessel.

Personally I would rather be called an engineer than I would be called an officer, but this looks bigoted on the part of Old-timer; he is

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even jealous of our title. He says that we have no greater status than the galley-slave. This may be true also, but by virtue of our experience we are entitled to as much recognition as any son of a gun that ever trod a quarter-deck.

He says an engineer stops or goes ahead when he is ordered to do so by the master or the master's regularly constituted representative, namely, the officer of the watch. Again he is correct, but he forgot that the engineers first got her ready to start before she started and stopped, and Old-timer could not have done it himself, nor one of his regularly constituted officers of the watch.

He has a very high regard for marine engineers, but very little regard for the master of the marine engines, namely, the engineer.

According to him, the majority of us are worthy men in our way, with considerable mechanical skill, with a strictly limited application. It is not necessary for us to have knowledge of nautical astronomy or to know anything of the heavens necessary to navigating officers, and we are not lawyers and know nothing of the larger problems of seamanship involved in the management of the vessel as a whole.

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The U.S. Shipping Board has schooled about six hundred engineers in the last two years, costing on an average \$700 per man, and they are engineers and not schoolboys just out of school, and it has fallen to the lot of these men, along with the many other engineers, to repair and operate American ships, and if Old-timer will bear with me I will try and enumerate a few of the things that an engine-driver (as he calls him) must know. First of all, he must have a fair education, being able to make adjustments to a thousandth of an inch, must know something of mechanics, chemistry, electricity, magnetism, and many other things that the Old-timer is not required to know, and it is a recognized and admitted fact that about 70 per cent. of the cost of operation of a ship is in the hands of the chief engineer; and this being the case, why should not he ask for some recognition from the operators?

I would suggest to Old-timer that he give the matter a little unbiased consideration and get together with us and have a complete reformation of our sea laws and have the Old Man come into his rights as master of the ship, the chief engineer as master of the engine-room, with a spirit of hearty co-operation between the two departments, and we will then have an American

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merchant marine of which any full-blooded American would be justly proud.

D. M. SULLIVAN,
Chief Engineer.

Galveston, Texas.

MR. EDITOR, —

After having read the article, in the *Galveston Daily News*, 'The Master of the Ship at Sea is Supreme, Not Engineer,' credited by you to the *New York Tribune*, we would like to ask that you give us sufficient space to answer the writer.

We are not shipmasters and have no desire to be, nor to assume any of their duties or prerogatives, but are merely some of the 'Greasy, Filthy Engine-drivers,' holding a licence from the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, and we will state here that it takes just exactly as long to obtain a chief engineer's licence as it does to obtain a master's licence. Therefore, we fail to observe wherein our friend finds so much of importance in his own position, and why he should fail to give the licensed engineers due credit for the part they play in the operation of a modern steamship.

As to the grease and filth to which he seems to take such an exception, we will say that the grease and dirt is honestly obtained, and is not

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confined to any one part of our person, but runs from the peak of our ten-cent cap (not the gold-braided kind) to the soles of our shoes, and is very seldom seen in the place where the seat of our overalls comes in contact with the cushions in our stateroom, as that is one place where we cannot stand our watch, as is sometimes the custom with the officers, as he calls them, or the mates as they should be called.

As to the fact that 'he does not believe that the engineers should be classed as ship's officers,' we might state that not only the engineers, but also the steward and wireless operator are classed as officers, and if the gentleman has been to sea since the days of Robert Fulton he is well aware of the above fact.

As to the fact that, as he says, the engineers merely stop or come ahead at the orders of the 'officer of the watch,' we can state that it is absolutely necessary for the aforesaid officer of the watch to ascertain from the engineers in question whether or not they are ready to come ahead before he can give the orders he mentions, and at any time when, in the opinion of the engineer in charge of a watch, it should be necessary, the engines are stopped without consulting anyone, in which case there is nothing more to be done by the deck officers or master than to wait until

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such time as the engineers are ready to operate their engines again; so it would appear as though the master and mates were merely there for the purpose of steering the vessel, and that the rules and laws of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service give the licensed engineers the privilege of stopping the ship, or of slowing it down, at any time they deem necessary.

As to the statement that the engineers are men of some mechanical ability with a strictly limited application, we might say that the majority of the real brain-work aboard a ship is confined to the engine department, as may be seen from the fact that the engine-room crew of a vessel is as large, and often larger, than the deck crew; and as all navigation at this time consists of taking an observation at noon from the sun, with an occasional sight taken from the North Star at sunset, which any third mate is required to know before he can obtain his original licence, and which can be learned by a common-school graduate in four to six weeks, we do not see just where this great knowledge of 'celestial movements' is needed.

We might also state that there is a stevedore to load and unload the ship, a marine superintendent who tells the master just how to get to

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his destination, and when he arrives there, he is met by one or more tow-boats and a pilot, who take the ship in and tie her up at the dock. Also, if the ship should happen to be in the neighbourhood of the coast of the United States, the Government maintains radio stations for the purpose of warning ships of their proximity to any dangerous or shoal places.

In the case of the ship's engineers, when the vessel arrives in port their work just commences, as they not only have to keep steam to load and unload the ship, but have to keep the deck winches in repair also, in addition to making all the necessary repairs before starting on the next voyage, whereas the captain has practically nothing to do after the ship arrives, except to pay off the crew, which any fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk could do for him.

In conclusion, we will agree with the writer of the article mentioned above, that a complete reformation of our sea laws is needed, but will say that the laws in question should be amended in such a way as to prevent any misguided or misinformed shipmaster from imagining that he is at liberty to interfere in matters of which he is absolutely ignorant, as a great deal of the trouble aboard ships to-day arises in just such cases, and we have yet to hear of a case where any of the

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ship's engineers attempted to tell the captain of a vessel how he should navigate the vessel, whereas a great many masters take upon themselves the privilege of telling the engineers how to operate their engines.

(Signed)

W. R. CROSSMORE, *Chief Engineer*,

BEN. C. MALLIA, *Chief Engineer*,

J. T. OLIVER, *Chief Engineer*,

S. P. MALLIA, SR., *Chief Engineer*,

C. M. SAMUELS, *Second Assistant Engineer*.

And so the great captain-engineer controversy is embalmed here for posterity. All feel better, and I look upon this as my first literary success.

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by W. H. Davies

A pendant to *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*

- § 'The self-portrait is given with disarming, mysterious, and baffling directness, and the writing has the same disarmingness and simpleness.' *Observer*

49. THE EYES OF THE PANTHER Stories

by Ambrose Bierce

- § It is said that these tales were originally rejected by virtually every publisher in the country. Bierce was a strange man; in 1914 at the age of seventy-one he set out for Mexico and has never been heard of since. His stories are as strange as his life, but this volume shows him as a master of his art.

50. IN DEFENCE OF WOMEN

by H. L. Mencken

- § 'All I design by the book is to set down in more or less plain form certain ideas that practically every civilized man and woman holds *in petto*, but that have been concealed hitherto by the vast mass of sentimentalities swathing the whole woman question.' *From the Author's Introduction*

51. VIENNESE MEDLEY A Novel

by Edith O'Shaughnessy

- ¶ 'It is told with infinite tenderness, with many touches of grave or poignant humour, in a very beautiful book, which no lover of fiction should allow to pass unread. A book which sets its writer definitely in the first rank of living English novelists.'

Sunday Times

52. PRECIOUS BANE A Novel

by Mary Webb

- ¶ 'She has a style of exquisite beauty ; which yet has both force and restraint, simplicity and subtlety ; she has fancy and wit, delicious humour and pathos. She sees and knows men aright as no other novelist does. She has, in short, genius.' Mr.

Edwin Pugh

53. THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND

by Mrs. R. S. Garnett

- ¶ This book, though in form an historical novel, claims to rank as a psychological study. It is an attempt to depict a character which, though destitute of the common virtues of every-day life, is gifted with qualities that compel love and admiration.

54. HORSES AND MEN

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- ¶ '*Horses and Men* confirms our indebtedness to the publishers who are introducing his work here. It has a unity beyond that of its constant Middle-west setting. A man of poetic vision, with an intimate knowledge of particular conditions of life, here looks out upon a world that seems singularly material only because he unflinchingly accepts its actualities.' *Morning Post*

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- ¶ This volume contains the following essays :

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- ¶ Most books written about Japan have been superficial sketches of a passing traveller. Of the inner life of the Japanese we know practically nothing, their religion, superstitions, ways of thought. Lafcadio Hearn reveals something of the people and their customs as they are.

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- ¶ Sketches by an acute observer and a master of English prose, of a Nation in transition—of the lingering remains of Old Japan, to-day only a memory, of its gardens, its beliefs, customs, gods and devils, of its wonderful kindliness and charm—and of the New Japan, struggling against odds towards new ideals.

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- ¶ When Marco Polo arrived at the court of the Great Khan, Peking had just been rebuilt. Kublai Khan was at the height of his glory. Polo rose rapidly in favour and became governor of an important district. In this way he gained first-hand knowledge of a great civilization and described it with astounding accuracy and detail.

60. SELECTED PREJUDICES. Second Series

by H. L. Mencken

- ¶ 'What a master of the straight left in appreciation! Everybody who wishes to see how common sense about books and authors can be made exhilarating should acquire this delightful book.'

Morning Post

61. THE WORLD'S BACK DOORS

by Max Murray

With an introduction by HECTOR BOLITHO

- ¶ This book is not an account so much of places as of people. The journey round the world was begun with about enough money to buy one meal, and continued for 66,000 miles. There are periods as a longshore man and as a sailor, and a Chinese guard and a night watchman, and as a hobo.

62. THE EVOLUTION OF AN INTELLECTUAL

by J. Middleton Murry

- ¶ These essays were written during and immediately after the Great War. The author says that they record the painful stages by which he passed from the so-called intellectual state to the state of being what he now considers to be a reasonable man.

63. THE RENAISSANCE

by Walter Pater

- ¶ This English classic contains studies of those 'supreme artists,' Michelangelo and Da Vinci, and of Botticelli, Della Robbia, Mirandola, and others, who 'have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere.' There is no romance or subtlety in the work of these masters too fine for Pater to distinguish in superb English.

64. THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER

by Sydney Walter Powell

- ¶ Throwing up a position in the Civil Service in Natal because he preferred movement and freedom to monotony and security, the author started his wanderings by enlisting in an Indian Ambulance Corps in the South African War. Afterwards he wandered all over the world.

65. 'RACUNDRA'S' FIRST CRUISE

by Arthur Ransome

- ¶ This is the story of the building of an ideal yacht which would be a cruising boat that one man could manage if need be, but on which three people could live comfortably. The adventures of the cruise are skilfully and vividly told.

66. THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN

by Winwood Reade

- ¶ 'Few sketches of universal history by one single author have been written. One book that has influenced me very strongly is *The Martyrdom of Man*. This "dates," as people say, nowadays, and it has a fine gloom of its own; but it is still an extraordinarily inspiring presentation of human history as one consistent process.' *H. G. Wells in The Outline of History.*

67. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK RUTHERFORD

With an introduction by H. W. MASSINGHAM

- ¶ Because of its honesty, delicacy and simplicity of portraiture, this book has always had a curious grip upon the affections of its readers. An English Amiel, inheriting to his comfort an English Old Crome landscape, he freed and strengthened his own spirit as he will his reader's.

68. THE DELIVERANCE

by Mark Rutherford

- ¶ Once read, Hale White [Mark Rutherford] is never forgotten. But he is not yet approached through the highways of English letters. To the lover of his work, nothing can be more attractive than the pure and serene atmosphere of thought in which his art moves.

69. THE REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE

by Mark Rutherford

- ¶ 'Since Bunyan, English Puritanism has produced one imaginative genius of the highest order. To my mind, our fiction contains no more perfectly drawn pictures of English life in its recurring emotional contrast of excitement and repose more valuable to the historian, or more stimulating to the imaginative reader.' *H. W. Massingham*

70. ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. First Series

by J. W. N. Sullivan

- ¶ Although they deal with different aspects of various scientific ideas, the papers which make up this volume do illustrate, more or less, one point of view. This book tries to show one or two of the many reasons why science may be interesting for people who are not specialists as well as for those who are.

71. MASTRO-DON GESUALDO

Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence

- ¶ Verga, who died in 1922, is recognized as one of the greatest of Italian writers of fiction. He can claim a place beside Hardy and the Russians. 'It is a fine full tale, a fine, full picture of life, with a bold beauty of its own which Mr. Lawrence must have relished greatly as he translated it.' *Observer*

72. THE MISSES MALLET

by E. H. Young

- ¶ The virtue of this quiet and accomplished piece of writing lies in its quality and in its character-drawing; to summarize it would be to give no idea of its charm. Neither realism nor romance, it is a book by a writer of insight and sensibility.

73. SELECTED ESSAYS. First Series

by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B.

- ¶ 'The prose of Sir Edmund Gosse is as rich in the colour of young imagination as in the mellow harmony of judgment. Sir Edmund Gosse's literary kit-kats will continue to be read with avidity long after the greater part of the academic criticism of the century is swept away upon the lumber-heap.' *Daily Telegraph*

74. WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS

by Christopher Morley

- ¶ A delicious satirical fantasy, in which humanity wears a dog-collar.

'Mr. Morley is a master of consequent inconsequence. His humour and irony are excellent, and his satire is only the more salient for the delicate and ingenuous fantasy in which it is set.'

Manchester Guardian

75. JAVA HEAD

by Joseph Hergesheimer

- ¶ The author has created a connoisseur's world of his own; a world of colourful bric-à-brac—of ships and rustling silks and old New England houses—a world in which the rarest and most perplexing of emotions are caught and expressed for the perceptible moment as in austere delicate porcelain. *Java Head* is a novel of grave and lasting beauty.

76. CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN

by George Moore

- ¶ 'Mr. Moore, true to his period and to his genius, stripped himself of everything that might stand between him and the achievement of his artistic object. He does not ask you to admire this George Moore. He merely asks you to observe him beyond good and evil as a constant plucked from the bewildering flow of eternity.' *Humbert Wolfe*

77. THE BAZAAR. Stories

by Martin Armstrong

- ¶ 'These stories have considerable range of subject, but in general they are stay-at-home tales, depicting cloistered lives and delicate finely fibred minds. . . . Mr. Armstrong writes beautifully.' *Nation and Athenæum*

78. SIDE SHOWS. Essays

by J. B. Atkins

With an Introduction by JAMES BONE

- ¶ Mr. J. B. Atkins was war correspondent in four wars, the London editor of a great English paper, then Paris correspondent of another, and latterly the editor of the *Spectator*. His subjects in *Side Shows* are briefly London and the sea.

79. SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD

by Hilaire Belloc

- ¶ In these essays Mr. Belloc attains his usual high level of pungent and witty writing. The subjects vary widely and include an imaginary talk with the spirits of Charles I, the barber of Louis XIV, and Napoleon, Venice, fakes, eclipses, Byron and the famous dissertation on the Nordic Man.

80. ORIENT EXPRESS

by John dos Passos

- ¶ This book will be read because, as well as being the temperature chart of an unfortunate sufferer from the travelling disease, it deals with places shaken by the heavy footsteps of History, manifesting itself as usual by plague, famine, murder, sudden death and depreciated currency. Underneath the book is an ode to railroad travel.

81. SELECTED ESSAYS. Second Series
by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B.

- ¶ A second volume of essays personally chosen by Sir Edmund Gosse from the wide field of his literary work. One is delighted with the width of his appreciation which enables him to write with equal charm on *Wycherley* and on *How to Read the Bible*.

82. ON THE EVE

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ In his characters is something of the width and depth which so astounds us in the creations of Shakespeare. *On the Eve* is a quiet work, yet over which the growing consciousness of coming events casts its heavy shadow. Turgenev, even as he sketched the ripening love of a young girl, has made us feel the dawning aspirations of a nation.

83. FATHERS AND CHILDREN

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ 'As a piece of art *Fathers and Children* is the most powerful of all Turgenev's works. The figure of Bazarov is not only the political centre of the book, but a figure in which the eternal tragedy of man's impotence and insignificance is realized in scenes of a most ironical human drama.' *Edward Garnett*.

84. SMOKE

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ In this novel Turgenev sees and reflects, even in the shifting phases of political life, that which is universal in human nature. His work is compassionate, beautiful, unique; in the sight of his fellow-craftsmen always marvellous and often perfect.

85. PORGY. A Tale

by du Bose Heyward

- ¶ This fascinating book gives a vivid and intimate insight into the lives of a group of American negroes, from whom Porgy stands out, rich in humour and tragedy. The author's description of a hurricane is reminiscent in its power.

86. FRANCE AND THE FRENCH

by Sisley Huddleston

- ¶ 'There has been nothing of its kind published since the War. His book is a repository of facts marshalled with judgment; as such it should assist in clearing away a whole maze of misconceptions and prejudices, and serve as a sort of pocket encyclopædia of modern France.' *Times Literary Supplement*

88. CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. A Novel of Sparta

by Naomi Mitchison

- ¶ 'Rich and frank in passions, and rich, too, in the detail which helps to make feigned life seem real.' *Times Literary Supplement*

89. A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS

by Stephen Graham

- ¶ In his own experiences as a soldier Stephen Graham has conserved the half-forgotten emotions of a nation in arms. Above all he makes us feel the stark brutality and horror of actual war, the valour which is more than valour, and the disciplined endurance which is human and therefore the more terrifying.

90. THUNDER ON THE LEFT

by Christopher Morley

- ¶ 'It is personal to every reader, it will become for every one a reflection of himself. I fancy that here, as always where work is fine and true, the author has created something not as he would but as he must, and is here an interpreter of a world more wonderful than he himself knows.' *Hugh Walpole*

91. THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

by Somerset Maugham

- ¶ A remarkable picture of a genius.
'Mr. Maugham has given us a ruthless and penetrating study in personality with a savage truthfulness of delineation and an icy contempt for the heroic and the sentimental.' *The Times*

92. THE CASUARINA TREE

by W. Somerset Maugham

- ¶ Intensely dramatic stories in which the stain of the East falls deeply on the lives of English men and women. Mr. Maugham remains cruelly aloof from his characters. On passion and its culminating tragedy he looks with unmoved detachment, ringing the changes without comment and yet with little cynicism.

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by Stephen Reynolds

- ¶ Vivid and intimate pictures of a Devonshire fisherman's life. 'Compact, harmonious, without a single—I won't say false—but uncertain note, true in aim, sentiment and expression, precise and imaginative, never precious, but containing here and there an absolutely priceless phrase. . . .' *Joseph Conrad*

94. WILLIAM BLAKE

by Arthur Symons

- ¶ When Blake spoke the first word of the nineteenth century there was none to hear it; and now that his message has penetrated the world, and is slowly re-making it, few are conscious of the man who first voiced it. This lack of knowledge is remedied in Mr. Symons' work.

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by Edward Thomas

- ¶ A book about the homes and resorts of English writers, from John Aubrey, Cowper, Gilbert White, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Burns, Borrow and Lamb, to Swinburne, Stevenson, Meredith, W. H. Hudson and H. Belloc. Each chapter is a miniature biography and at the same time a picture of the man and his work and environment.

96. NAPOLEON : THE LAST PHASE

by The Earl of Rosebery

- ¶ Of books and memoirs about Napoleon there is indeed no end, but of the veracious books such as this there are remarkably few. It aims to penetrate the deliberate darkness which surrounds the last act of the Napoleonic drama.

97. THE POCKET BOOK OF POEMS AND
SONGS FOR THE OPEN AIR

Compiled by Edward Thomas

- ¶ This anthology is meant to please those lovers of poetry and the country who like a book that can always lighten some of their burdens or give wings to their delight, whether in the open air by day, or under the roof at evening ; in it is gathered much of the finest English poetry.

98. SAFETY PINS : ESSAYS

by Christopher Morley

With an Introduction by H. M. TOMLINSON

- ¶ Very many readers will be glad of the opportunity to meet Mr. Morley in the rôle of the gentle essayist. He is an author who is content to move among his fellows, to note, to reflect, and to write genially and urbanely ; to love words for their sound as well as for their value in expression of thought

99. THE BLACK SOUL : A Novel

by Liam O'Flaherty

- ¶ ' *The Black Soul* overwhelms one like a storm. . . . Nothing like it has been written by any Irish writer.' "Æ" in *The Irish Statesman*

100. CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER :

A Novel

by H. G. Wells

- ¶ At first reading the book is utterly beyond criticism ; all the characters are delightfully genuine.' *Spectator*
' Brimming over with Wellsian insight, humour and invention. No one but Mr. Wells could have written the whole book and given it such verve and sparkle.' *Westminster Gazette*

101. THE INTIMATE JOURNALS OF
PAUL GAUGUIN

Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

- ¶ The confessions of genius are usually startling ; and Gauguin's *Journals*, now made accessible to the wider world, are no exception. He exults in his power to give free rein to his savage spirit, tearing the shawl from convention's shoulders with a gesture as unscrupulous as it is Rabelaisian.

102. THE GRUB STREET NIGHTS
ENTERTAINMENTS

by J. C. Squire

- § Stories of literary life, told with a breath of fantasy and gaily ironic humour. Each character lives, and is the more lively for its touch of caricature. From *The Man Who Kept a Diary* to *The Man Who Wrote Free Verse*, these tales constitute Mr. Squire's most delightful ventures in fiction; and the conception of the book itself is unique.

103. ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS

by Marmaduke Pickthall

- § In *Oriental Encounters*, Mr. Pickthall relives his earlier manhood's discovery of Arabia and sympathetic encounters with the Eastern mind. He is one of the few travellers who really bridges the racial gulf. His book is simple in its substance and intimate in its statement, bringing us close to the author and to his experience.

104. CYRANO DE BERGERAC

by Edmond Rostand

Translated by Gladys Thomas and
Mary Guillemard

- § Certain characters there are in life and literature who achieve our undying regard; and in this noble company of Sancho Panzas and D'Artagnans, Cyrano is ever eminent. The play itself is Rostand's masterpiece, and is indeed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the French Romantic Movement.
'Rumour has in no way exaggerated its extraordinary brilliance. The translation is a remarkably able piece of work.' *William Archer.*

105. THE MOTHER: A Novel

by Grazia Deledda

With an introduction by D. H. LAWRENCE

- § An unusual book, both in its story and its setting in a remote Sardinian hill village, half civilized and superstitious. The action of the story takes place so rapidly (all within the space of two days) and the actual drama is so interwoven with the mental conflict, and all so forced by circumstances, that it is almost Greek in its simple and inevitable tragedy.

106. TRAVELLER'S JOY : An Anthology
by W. G. Waters

¶ This anthology has been selected for publication in the Travellers' Library from among the many collections of verse because of its suitability for the traveller, particularly the summer and autumn traveller, who would like to carry with him some store of literary provender.

107. SHIPMATES : Essays
by Felix Riesenberg

¶ A collection of intimate character portraits of men with whom the author has sailed on many voyages. The sequence of studies blends into a fascinating panorama of living characters. The essays have the feeling of the sea in them ; they also have something of its romance.



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